

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, MAY, 1841.

Original.

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE COLLEGE OF TEACHERS, AT ITS ANNUAL MEETING IN OCTOBER, 1839.

BY WM. JOHNSON, ESQ.

MR. PRESIDENT,—I have read, that the people of one of the interior nations of Africa elect their king by fastening a cord to the top of a tree, and requiring all the candidates for the regal office to pull at it; and that candidate who can draw it nearest to the ground, is by acclamation declared king—not because he is wiser or better, but because he unites in his person more of the important properties of *weight* and *power* than any other man in the nation.

Now, sir, not being a traveler, I do not know whether this is true or not; nor would I take off my hat and thank you for telling me the truth of the whole matter. The moral of the story is all we have to do with; and so considered, it affords a happy illustration of the principle on which the residence of power is ascertained in every country where the benign influences of science and religion are not felt.

In savage and idolatrous countries, in all ages, the power to acquire dominion has been regarded as a sufficient guaranty for enslaving the feeble and defenseless. Hence it is that because her muscles are weak, and her frame tender, woman has become the slave and inferior of man, and has been doomed to drudgery and degradation to promote his pleasure or indulge his pride. But as degradation is the consequence of ignorance, and slavery the condition of the brute, he who would degrade or enslave even the feeble, must first degrade and enslave the mind, by keeping it locked up in ignorance, both of the dignity of its origin and the glory of its end. Hence tyranny in pagan countries has denied woman the book of knowledge, and in Mohammedan countries the existence of a soul. But wherever civilization has dawned on the world, and the influence of Christianity been felt, her chains have fallen off—female character has progressively risen, and female education become of greater and greater importance. But much as she has advanced in both these respects, she is yet very far below her proper level and her ultimate destiny. Her education is yet very far from what it ought to be to make her the instructor of her offspring, the ornament of society, and the free, equal, and happy companion of man; and even where its progress has been sufficiently great, it has been encumbered with so many wild and wanton growths as to make it almost fruitless of its great and important end.

Situated as we are in reference both to time and eternity, all education is valuable or valueless, as it tends to make the relations we shall hereafter occupy happy

VOL. I.—17

or miserable. How unwise, then, to spend the vigor of youth in the acquirement of that which youth only can enjoy, and which, if carried into the more advanced period of life, would only be adding the follies of youth to the follies of age. Life is a short drama at best, and the parts which women play are soonest over. It is the old age of the other sex only which is tormented by the plague of avarice and ambition. It is man only whose

“—— pale withered hands are still stretched out,
Trembling at once with eagerness and age,
With avarice and convulsions grasping hard.”

Woman's chief ambition is gratified by a single conquest—the scope of her happiness and usefulness is circumscribed by the domestic and social circle. Beyond this her influence is only felt by its moral reflection on the hearts and lives of mankind. Nor is this the result of any system of education—it is a distinguishing circumstance in her existence—one which God never intended to be otherwise.

What, then, is this highest object of woman's ambition—that in which she feels the deepest interest, and from whence she draws the greatest happiness? It is to be beloved—to call one gallant and faithful heart her own. Poverty, exile, slavery and death have no aspect to her so gloomy as the thought of being forgotten. She will smile like an angel over poverty's scantiest meal—she will follow a lover's footsteps to “distant barbarous climes”—she will ply her hands to the spindle and the distaff with the constancy of a galley slave—she will meet death with the fortitude of a heroine—but ah! to be neglected—to be neither the object of joy nor grief, of hope nor fear, of love nor hate, but to wither unseen like a neglected weed is more than she can endure.

“The keenest pangs the wretched find
Are raptures to the dreary void—
The leafless desert of the mind—
The waste of feeling unemployed.”

How then shall she attain and keep that which is thus the soul of her ambition and the well-spring of her life? If the rose on her cheek was perennial, and the fire in her eye unquenchable, then might she trust in the power of beauty; but when sickness tames the bounding pulse—when the rose fades from the cheek, and the fire from the eye, what then remains to be admired but the superior beauties of the immortal mind?

To our sex is given more of the muscular power possessed in common with the inferior animals; but the God of nature, as if he would form a connecting link between men and angels, has given to woman the tiny form, the fragile frame, and pictured in her countenance the personification of spiritual existence. How mortifying, then, to the ardent admirer of the fair, to find beneath that form of beauty—that index of intellect, a starved, meagre, and dwarfish soul.

Flora was once a lovely laughing girl, possessed of all the external charms which this world calls beautiful. She danced like a fairy, and sung like an angel; and when she entered the assembly room, each stranger with fluttering heart asked his acquaintance, "Who is that beautiful creature?" A beardless youth of lofty brow stepped down from the shades of Parnassus, burning with poetic ardor, and revolving in his mind a thousand plans of future greatness—she caught his eye, and his soul was wrapt with the vision—

"——— he looked
Upon it till it could not pass away—
He had no breath or being but in hers.
——— she was his sight;
For his eyes followed hers, and saw with hers,
Which colored all his objects. He had ceased
To live within himself. She was his life—
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
That terminated all."

He wooed, and won, and wedded her; and she (fond enthusiast) thought her happiness complete. For a while he doated fondly on her; but—he loves her not now. Why not? She is now his wife, and custom no longer requires that they should consume the time by talking over the little nothings with which the fashionable gallant ekes out an evening's conversation. The sweet-meats of the honey-moon pall upon the sense, and his taste requires something more substantial. He talks to her about the realities of life; but she has lived all her days in the world of imagination. He talks to her about science; but she knows not what he says. He talks to her about literature; but she knows not what it is. He talks to her about the world as it is; but he finds her a stranger in it. He talks to her about the world as it has been in past ages; but the light of history has never beamed on her mind. He finds in her no thought, no feeling in harmony with his own. She touches not the strings of his heart, and like the wires of an untuned instrument, they corrode with the rust of loneliness. He becomes solitary in the bosom of his own family, and seeks society elsewhere. Something (it may be jealousy) whispers in the ear of the once happy Flora, "Your husband despises you!" and her peace of mind is ruined for ever. There may be something unkind in his conduct, but it is the legitimate result of disappointment. It is the common fate of the disappointed, not only to be unhappy themselves, but to make those around them unhappy also. The disappointment is always in proportion to the interest felt in the object of pursuit, and human art cannot affect happiness where it is not felt. He saw the lovely jewel sparkling in the casket, and sighed to possess it. For a day it sparkled on his finger; but the gilding wore away, and the baser metal showed itself—the cheat was out, and his mortification was greater than if he had never thought it a jewel. The fond and foolish creature had exhausted all her resources to attain her object—like a child enamored of a bird in the bush, she had strewn the last grain about her trap to catch the gilded rover; and when he was caught, he was doomed to starve on chaff or rudely break his cage and fly away in search of better fare.

1

The conditions of both are unfortunate, but hers is greatly worst. He may resort to books for consolation, or reason himself into the ridiculous opinion, that woman is an inferior being, and that his fate is but the fate of all men; but she is without resource—without consolation.

But the *educated* woman forms the nucleus of society at home. Her husband loves her because she is good, and venerates her because she is wise. Her domicile becomes his library and his reading room, and there is the repository of solid wisdom—not merely the gilded annuals spread out for show, but some of the perennials too—the Miltons, and Popes, and Addisons, and Johnsons. Not the mere butterfly-wing productions of the day, with gaudy covers and virgin pages, unsoiled and untouched, save where the pictured Medora droops her languid head, or My Uncle Toby peeps in the Widow Wadman's Eye; but volumes of history, philosophy, poetry, elocution and divinity, whose merits have redeemed them from all destroying time.

But although the largest portion of woman's happiness is derived from her relation to the other sex, yet it is not the only source of her enjoyment, nor the exclusive object of her ambition. There is another point of view in which education and a literary cast of mind would greatly better her condition. It would open to her a source of excellence and elevation consistent with her nature, and within the reach of the poor as well as the rich—one which the reverses of fortune could not take away. Some stimulus like this is almost indispensable to her intellectual existence; for although her ambition is not so towering, there is a kind of aristocracy, of which she is more ambitious than man—she is fonder of distinction in the circle in which she moves. I have often been amused by the embarrassment of some clever fellow, whose very soul was imbued with democracy, and who was so much in love with the people that he could hardly attend to his own affairs, to see his wife so aristocratic that she could hardly treat one of the "sovereigns" with common courtesy, when he called to shake hands with his humble servant, her husband. Is this ambition of eminence wrong? No, sir, not of itself:

"Ambition first sprang from the bright abodes,
The glorious fault of angels and of gods."

But like the ambition of the rebel angels, it is woefully misdirected and tends to ruin and downfall. There is no real distinction among mortals, but such as wisdom and goodness impart; and all distinction built on any other foundation must sooner or later tumble in ruin on the heads of those who aspire to it. One half of the poverty and misery in the world grow out of this misguided ambition to be great.

Mrs. Extravaganza is happily married to a young man in moderate circumstances, but of industrious habits, and sufficient income to support his family with comfort and credit; and thus begins the world with flattering prospects. But she is ambitious to be superior to her neighbor's wife. The world acknowledges no real distinction between them—her neighbor's wife is as polite, as learned, as wise, as good as she. From

whence then shall her superiority come? From richer silks, costlier furniture, more splendid equipage, a state-lie mansion, and a more numerous train of domestics, no one of which is essential to real comfort or convenience. The ship sails well while the sky is clear and the breeze blows fair; but when the storm of adversity comes she is overwhelmed. The expense is too great for the income, and by her misguided ambition she is doomed to perpetual poverty.

But extravagance is not the only way in which this misguided ambition develops itself. It seeks distinction in *affectation* of superiority, more ridiculous than extravagance or poverty. In the estimation of shallow observers, whatever is grotesque requires but little puffing to make it superior. In this way the veriest butterflies in the world seek and often find distinction, while real merit passes to the grave unnoticed. Whether our understanding or our education is at fault, I do not pretend to say; but one thing is certain—we are in this respect the most hoaxable people on earth.

Let some European scullion abjure her mistress' kitchen, put on an air of singularity, and appear amongst us bedecked with tawdry tissue, and in four and twenty hours a hundred gallant skulls are thumped together to do her homage. She converses with thrilling eloquence in some language which no one of them understands, and the lineaments of Thaddeus Pulaski, or Americus Vespucius brighten in her countenance; while the beautiful, the lovely, the learned, the simple-hearted buckeye blushes unseen like the desert rose, because she is indigenous to the soil and unobtrusive in her manners.

Several years ago I conversed with a gentleman who had just returned from Europe, after performing the duties of minister to a foreign court. In speaking of the English nobility, he remarked that the ladies were plain and simple-hearted in comparison with ladies of wealth and fashion in our country. I asked him how he accounted for this, seeing that our institutions were based on the principle of human equality. "They rely, sir," said he, "upon their rank, and have no need of affectation to sustain them." In our country there is no such rank as that on which they rely. It is not desirable that such rank ever should exist. But is there no rank in the republic of letters—is there no eminence in the field of science—is there no elevation in the art of doing good on which the ambitious fair one might rely for distinction, without resorting to the miserable extremes of extravagance and affectation?

But woman should not be educated with reference to her individual happiness alone; she is a social being, and as such, is destined to have her influence on all around her; and you cannot educate one, without to a certain extent educating every other in the neighborhood. They act upon each other like the reeds in the fisherman's flambeau—the moment you light one, it communicates the fire to another, and another, and another, until the whole unites in a flame.

The old adage, that "it is better to be out of the world than out of the fashion," has often been applied

to ladies. Whether they deserve it or not, I do not pretend to decide; but it is certain they are more *curious*, more *communicative*, and more *imitative* than men, and consequently more likely to be benefited or injured by the influence of society. A city is too large and unwieldy for observation. In the country the population is too sparse. But go to a village where you can take in society at a single glance, and there make your practical observation. Let some intrigue exist, or some deed of darkness be committed, no matter with how much secrecy, and you might as well attempt to "hide the sun with a blanket, or put the moon in your pocket," as to conceal it from their scrutiny; and when it is found out, it rests like sin on the conscience of the discoverer, until she has communicated it to every friend she has in the village. But she is imitative. Let some new example of taste, elegance, or fashion make its appearance, and it runs round the circle with almost the speed of electricity; and the thought of being left behind is painful in the extreme.

Mrs. Brocade appears at Church in a new-fangled dress, and instantly all the ladies in the neighborhood follow *suit*. Mrs. M'Fiddle sends her little daughter to dancing school, and in four and twenty hours half the matrons in the village inquire of the parson whether it would be a sin to send their little daughters too. Miss Exquisite has been to the city, and meeting with an improvement in the strait-jacket, has compressed her beautiful form to the thickness of a spade-shaft, and "live or die, survive or perish," and in spite of Dr. Muzzy's lecture,* in one week every young lady in town is compressed to the same model. And think you, sir, that this anxiety to *know*—this eagerness to *communicate*—this tendency to *imitate*, was implanted in the breast of woman to poison and make war on the nobler spirit of sympathy and benevolence? No, sir, no such thing. They are the wild luxuriant growths of a noble soul, fallen down from their native bower, and tangled and interwoven with briars and noxious weeds. Only let the hand of education lift them from the ground, disentangle them from the thorny maze, prune away the rubbish, fasten the tendrils to the bower, and teach them to aspire to nobler objects; and trust me, sir, they will become the ornaments of the sex, and make society redolent of moral sweetness. These very qualities which have so long and so often been the topics of ridicule, are the evidences of mind admirably suited, if properly cultivated, to give and take the blessings of society.

But the influence of woman as a social being, is not confined to her own sex. She wields a powerful influence over the other sex, and especially over her own husband; and very much of his success or disappointment in life depends upon her. Let a man of genius and enterprise be linked for life with an ignorant woman, whose thoughts aspire not with his thoughts—whose sentiments mingle not with his sentiments—whose heart beats not in unison with his heart; and all

* Dr. Muzzy, at the same session, delivered a lecture on the injurious effects of tight lacing.

his energies, like a living victim chained to a body of death, will sicken, gangrene, and die. The man of genius requires both the sympathy and approbation of the other sex to aid him in his efforts, and without them his exertions, however great, will be misdirected. He may be ambitious; but his ambition will be for glory and not for good. His actions in themselves may be noble; but philanthropy will not be their moving spring. He may acquire knowledge, but it will not be devoted to the benefit of mankind. He may accumulate wealth; but it will not be used for the purposes of benevolence. A few examples to the contrary may be found; and those examples are striking, because they are singular; but frozen-hearted selfishness is the common motive of men alienated from the sympathy and influence of the softer sex.

In the age of chivalry, when a young and valorous knight, clad in complete steel, entered the tournament, he knew that the eye of beauty marked his deeds, and that the hand of beauty would reward his success; and as if the fire of Minerva inspired his bosom, and the spirit of Minerva nerved his arm, he poised the weapon, warded the thrust, and dealt the blow. And when in quest of adventures, he went up and down, fearless of danger, and despising repose—as he slept beneath the spacious sky, it was not the star that beamed on his helmet, nor the dew-drop that glittered on his breast-plate, but the eye and the tear of his lady-love that inspired his dreams of glory, and steeled his heart for the day of battle. And in the rigorous combat, when he covered his breast with his shield, and braced his lance in its rest, he invoked the spirit of his lady-love to aid him in the desperate conflict. Nor were his expectations blasted. When he returned in triumph from the field and laid the trophy of victory at her feet, as if the victory had been her own, she unbuckled his armor, and acknowledged him the champion of her honor, and the lord of her heart. But after the youthful votary of science has sacrificed ease, and pleasure, and wealth, to fit himself for usefulness, if he enters the arena of life, with no eye to brighten at his triumphs—no cheek to blush for his fall—no bosom to sympathize with his fortunes—

"If beauty blunts on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claims the triumphs of a lettered heart,"

what motive has he for excellence? why should not he kneel at the shrine of Mammon, side by side, with the mercenary fair one, much more likely to be enamored of his wealth than his learning?

But there is another relation of life in which woman appears more interesting than in any of the former, and in which her thorough and substantial education seems to be more important than that of man—it is the relation of a mother. Such is the nature of the father's business engagements, that if he were ever so well qualified to be an instructor, children, during the earlier period of life, when they are most susceptible of impressions, are almost exclusively under the control of the mother. To her belongs the nurture and training of the moral sentiments, while they are yet so tender

that the touch of a ruder hand might snap them from the tiny stem, and blast them for ever. Those very feelings of the mother which men call female weakness, act upon the incipient intellect like the volatile oils and the rainbow colors of the blossom on the embryo fruit, distilling and refining the dews of heaven, and reflecting and softening the rays of light, until it swells into strength and vigor, to be matured by the redundant showers of summer, and ripened in the powerful beams of the sun. The stern philosophy of the father smiles at the sleepless vigilance and thrilling anxiety with which the mother watches the sleeping infant, and her distracted wildness when its toppling footsteps carry it beyond her sight; yet the actions of the mother under these circumstances make an impression on the infant mind never to be erased, by time, or change, or circumstances; and by an association of ideas, too mysterious to be explained, but too palpable to be denied, the moral lessons inculcated under these circumstances can never be forgotten; and many a heartless rake has been reformed, and many a reckless renegade reclaimed by the recollection of a mother's precepts, after she had gone to her grave. This powerful influence is happily illustrated in one of those speeches of John Randolph, in which that eccentric orator was wont to wander over the whole universe. In denouncing a certain quality of atheists for the mischief they had done, "Once," said he, "they had well-nigh robbed me of my religion; but when the last spark was nearly extinguished, I remembered that when a child, my good old mother called me to her side, and taught me to say, 'Our Father who art in heaven.'"

If then the mother is to be the instructor of her children, and if the precepts of the mother are of such lasting consequence, how important is it that she herself should be well educated—that her head, and her heart, and her hands should be educated; so that her example may teach where her precept fails, and that her life may stand a monumental preacher to her offspring, pointing its hand to the domestic duties of life, and lifting its eye to "the recompense of reward" in another world.

Is there any other consideration which can add to the importance of female education? Yes, there is one other consideration which is most important of all—the influence which it is to have on her future existence. Were she, according to the religion of Mohammed, a soulless creature of the dust, doomed to fret out a few short years on the stage of existence—alternately the toy and the slave of man—and then lie down like a log, in the hopeless and dreamless slumber of the grave—why should any thing else employ her thoughts but meat and drink, and the butterfly decorations of the body? But Revelation steps in and proclaims her immortality, and lifts her thoughts to enjoyments beyond the reach of mutability and decay.

How vain and empty, then, are all her accomplishments which do not tend to enlighten and elevate the soul, and fit it for a higher destiny! The ancients re-

present Time by the figure of an angel flying with outspread wings, and carrying in his hand an enormous scythe, with which he cuts down all before him. But not so—he creeps upon us with a stealthy step; he performs his work with smaller and more malignant weapons. He marks that form of beauty before the glass, and while she polishes her shining ivory, knocks out a tooth—while she curls a sunny ringlet, turns it into gray—while she revives the rose on her cheek, ploughs a wrinkle there—while she triumphs in the conquest of her eye, quenches a beam of light from its orbit—while she warbles the song of love, mars its music with the husky note of age—and anon, like her damask sisters of the spring, her beauty withers and is scattered by the wind. But the mental and moral culture of the mind and the heart impart a charm, which neither the malignity of time, nor the ghastliness of age, nor the worms of the grave can destroy. Death may hush the music of the material organ; but the deathless minstrel that was wont to touch its peevish chords shall wake in a higher sphere, with her fingers on the golden wires of a celestial harp, to weave the sweet, and long, and lofty strains of immortality.

Original.

ON HOPE.

BY THE LATE J. BAKER.

At evening, when darkness was over the land,
And shadows encompass'd the shore,
And the wide-heaving ocean that beat on the strand,
Had ceas'd its tumultuous roar;

The beacon-fire blaz'd from the watch-tower's height,
To cheer the lone bark on the deep;
On the ocean a star shed a tremulous light,
As the waves hush'd their murmurs to sleep.

The sound of the clarion soft to the shore,
Came far on the night-breezes borne;
The sailor boy sung of his voyage now o'er,
And of friends who should greet his return.

On the bosom of life's troubled ocean, afar,
Shall the beacon of light be unfurl'd;
Then the vision of hope our lone hearts will cheer,
And conduct to a happier world.

"FROM rocky cleft the torrent dashes;
Down, down he comes with thunder-shock;
The sturdy oak beneath him crashes,
And after rolls the loosened rock.
Amazed, o'erjoyed, with awe and wonder
The traveler stops and gazes round;
He hears the all-pervading thunder,
But cannot tell from whence the sound.
So rolls the tide of song, for ever,
Where mortal foot hath wandered never."

Original.

ON MARRIAGE.

BY PROFESSOR M'COWN.

No subject is more deeply fraught with the joy or anguish of the heart, the happiness or distress of families, the peace or misery of society, than marriage. It mingles its cup of contentment or sorrow with all our sensibilities; it pervades our natures, and all our relations to heaven and earth, with its influence; and if we have been fortunate in our choice, hope has a buoyancy, the heart an energy, and the arm a vigor, that, with unabating force, can struggle with life's varying prospects: but if unfortunate, our life has suffered an eclipse of deep and sombre shade; and, in the reality of misery, the heart relinquishes all its long-cherished hopes and ideal felicities, and asks for the refuge and solace of that divorce, which death alone can give.

In marriage, there should be a congeniality of affection, religion, and education. No lady should ever pledge her hand to one who has not her heart. From this principle she should not be seduced by wealth, or fame, or talents; nor misled by officious friends, or awed by the authority of mistaken parents. *Her* individual happiness is at stake, and her choice, which is to fix her destiny for life, should be, I do not say unadvised, but certainly, unconstrained.

There is too often *one* sad heart amidst the festive joy of the hymenial hour. That heart feels as if the decorations of the scene were *its* fillets for the altar of sacrifice. The hand, under foreign dictation and control, is yielded to one, but the heart has irrevocably fixed its choice upon another. As well might philosophers attempt to control the magic influence of gravitation, as parents attempt to awaken and direct the charm of a devoted heart, by their own mercenary views. Fatal have been the consequences, when parental authority has compelled a merely licensed union, for which the heart feels a cherished disgust. The loveliest forms have thus sunk into an untimely grave, under the silent, but fatal influence of a withered and blighted heart. Whilst parents, who have thus married the *persons* of their daughters to houses and lands, and silver and gold, and thus immolated their affections upon the altar of Mammon, have committed an act of cruelty to their children, and a flagrant outrage upon the design of the marriage union, for which no future kindness or repentance can ever fully atone.

A PIONEER.

It is said that the most accurate map of the Rocky Mountains and the regions round about, was prepared by Mrs. Spaulding, the wife of one of the missionaries now residing there. She is the first white woman who ever traversed the vast regions between Missouri and the Columbia. With great propriety may she be reckoned among the pioneers and discoverers. May others follow her example, and render equal service to science and religion.

Original.

ON FEMALE INFLUENCE.

DEAR BROTHER HAMLINE,—It will be borne in mind that in my last number on this subject, I dwelt more particularly upon the effects of maternal influence during the period of *childhood*; noticing, somewhat in detail, the pernicious consequences of a mistaken, and misapplied indulgence on the one hand, and too much severity on the other. So many generous natures have been seriously injured, and so many more have been utterly and irreclaimably ruined by these opposite modes of proceeding, as to give to this view of the subject so much importance, that I scarcely know how to give it up, without detaining the reader with a few additional observations upon it. And this I am the more inclined to do, because many of those who practice upon these systems, respectively, are so firmly persuaded that their course is not only correct, but highly commendable, that it requires "line upon line, and precept upon precept," to convince them to the contrary.

For example, those who err on the side of severity, are frequently heard to recount, with manifest self-applause, the many occasions on which they gave their children the most sage and wholesome advice; and to show that they must have been in earnest, they will let you know how often, and how *feelingly* they enforced their advice, by the use of that wonder-working instrument, of which we spoke in the preceding number. And that so many and such powerful appeals as these, should all be resisted and rendered abortive, is what they cannot possibly comprehend. In speaking of any unpromising traits, that may happen to attach to the characters of their children, they are wont to console themselves by observing, that if they should ultimately go to destruction, it will not be because *they* have not done their duty in giving them a plenty of good advice, and of sound bodily correction. They very comfortably conclude, that whatever else they may have to answer for, their consciences are clear in this matter. It has never occurred to them for a moment, that the very things for which they take so much credit to themselves, may be the very cause, to no inconsiderable extent, of all the mischief which they so deeply deplore. It would seem that, in their apprehension, the value of advice and correction, is to be estimated more by their quantity than their quality; not reflecting that too much advice is often worse than too little; nay, worse than none at all. They appear, moreover, to have fallen into the error of those who give advice as if they thought that nothing was necessary but that it should be good as to the *matter* of it, entirely losing sight of the fact that much, and indeed, that almost every thing depends upon the *manner* in which it is conveyed, as to whether it will be effectual or not, in the accomplishment of the object proposed. In short, they are, to all appearance, totally unaware that it may be given so frequently, at such unseasonable times, and in such unsuitable places—and, withal, may be accompanied with such an air of authority and reprehension, and such an evident want of *affectionate* solicitude for the

welfare of the child, that it will soon come to be hated and shunned, as a most grievous and intolerable *infliction*, and by no means sought after and prized, as a gratifying proof of parental tenderness and love.

And in relation to harsh and oft-repeated personal chastisements, they seem to be altogether ignorant, or most criminally reckless of the important truth, that if even virtuous precepts are habitually enforced by a resort to this expedient—so powerful is the principle of association—that virtue itself, instead of appearing, as it really is, the offspring of Heaven, robed in all the habiliments of majesty and beauty—will soon present itself to the imagination of the child, with an aspect as hideous and repulsive as the frown of a demon. The two ideas will be so intimately and invariably co-existent in the mind, that there is great danger that ere long they will be regarded as equally hateful and revolting.

And then as it respects those mothers who err, in being excessively lenient or indulgent, it is almost impossible to convince them that *their* course is not the most amiable and praiseworthy that can be imagined. They flatter themselves that if others should take exceptions to their conduct in this particular, it cannot fail to secure to them an indissoluble hold upon the confidence, gratitude, affection and esteem of those children, whom they thus pamper and indulge. But alas for them! in this supposition they are most egregiously mistaken. Such mothers as these, more frequently than any others, are compelled to feel—

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child."

And we may very properly add, that of all children under heaven, such as these have, in reality, the least to be thankful for. They have been permitted to follow, unrestrained, the promptings of their evil propensities and passions, until their insufferable petulance and waywardness, have rendered them a burden to themselves, and caused them to be hated by some, despised by others, and loved by nobody. And when in moments of calm and sober reflection, they are led to bewail their miserable enslavement to vice and folly, inexpressibly bitter, indeed, are the reproaches which they heap upon the heads of those parents, who "knew their duty but performed it not;"—whose imbecility of mind, and deficiency of moral principle or moral courage, were such as to suffer their children to follow unadmonished and uncontrolled, "the devices and inclinations of their own hearts," to the manifest peril of body and soul, both in time and in eternity. *Respect* for such culpably delinquent mothers, they cannot have; and where sentiments of respect have ceased to exist, those of rational and sincere affection, will not long survive. And when such children go beyond the circumscribed limits of the domestic circle and find, that the hasty and ungovernable temper superinduced by too much maternal indulgence, subjects them to perpetual inconvenience and insult, we may be sure that they remember with any thing but pleasure, the instruments of so much perplexity and unhappiness. And should they be so unfortunate, (which is not at all unlikely,) as to be drawn into associations, or habits of

such a nature as are calculated to blast their reputation in society, their feelings of indifference or disrespect, are soon changed into those of the deepest execration, while they reflect that had not their mothers permitted them to live as they listed during their childhood, they would, in all probability, have been effectually saved from their downward, disgraceful, and ruinous career.

The solemn obligations that mothers are under to instill into the minds of their children the principles of purity and rectitude, and to discountenance and correct in the most prompt and unqualified manner, the slightest deviation therefrom, may be familiarly and most impressively illustrated, by a reference to an account that I have somewhere seen of a boy and his mother; the substance of which my readers will excuse me for recalling to their recollection, as by no means inappropriate to the subject in hand. Having for years been addicted to an infamous course of life, he was at last apprehended, tried and executed. And when on the point of expiating his crimes upon the scaffold, he begged to be permitted to speak to his mother; and while in the act of doing so, is represented as having bitten off her ear; assigning as the reason for the perpetration of this shocking and unnatural deed, that had it not been for her connivance at some trivial aberration from truth and rectitude, during his childhood, he would not then have been doomed to atone to the violated laws of his country, by a painful and ignominious death. This account and numerous others, to the same purpose, that might be adduced from the records of well-authenticated history, not only show the immense importance of noting with the utmost vigilance and circumspection, and restraining with the most unshrinking and uncompromising firmness, the first and slightest departures in children, from "the good and the right way;" but, in addition to this, they most affectingly teach this lesson—that nothing so certainly tends to entail upon mothers the ingratitude, and even the execrations of their offspring, as for them to allow them during their childhood to do as they prefer, without a firm, habitual, unflinching, and, at the same time, an affectionate interposition of maternal influence and authority.

In speaking of female influence in the formation of character during childhood, we have directed our remarks almost exclusively, to that exercised by *mothers*. But there are very many occasions on which others of the sex, have opportunities to exercise a most happy and beneficial influence over the minds, the moral characters, and final destinies of children. For example, what an admirable field is afforded for this purpose, by those wise and benevolent institutions—the Sabbath schools—institutions which, next to the preaching of the Gospel itself, have probably done more towards the suppression of vice, and the advancement of the great interests of morality and religion, than any of the numerous moral causes with which the world has ever been blessed. I shall never forget a remark which an intelligent infidel is said to have made, not long since, in relation to them. He said that, for sometime, he had considered the contest between infidelity

and Christianity of rather a dubious character as to how it would finally terminate; but that since the general introduction of Sabbath schools, he had given up the cause of infidelity as utterly and absolutely hopeless. He remarked, in substance, that previous to that, Christians had permitted the devil to get the start of them by pre-occupying the minds of children; but that now, having by means of these simple instrumentalities, dislodged his Satanic majesty from this important position, his kingdom must inevitably come to nought; that Christians have at last discovered the very valuable secret, and one which it is strange they should ever have overlooked, that in order to be fully and triumphantly successful, in the propagation of the Gospel, they should begin at the beginning; that is, should begin in good earnest to operate upon the mind, as soon as it emerges from infancy into such a state as to be capable of rational reflection, and a well-defined sense of moral responsibility.

Now the reader need not be told that female influence has a very large, not to say a paramount share, in cultivating, training, and preserving these interesting and invaluable nurseries of virtue and piety—nurseries from which there are annually transplanted into the "garden of God," thousands upon thousands of the most lovely and beautiful scions, that are soon recognized by all who behold them as "trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord;" bringing, by the fruits which they so abundantly yield, "glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good will to men." Time would fail us to enumerate all the burning and shining lights, for which the world is indebted to the agency of Sabbath school instruction. The translator of the sacred Volume into the language of China—a country that contains an entire third of the population of the globe—owes the commencement of his momentous and glorious career, to the instrumentality of Sabbath schools. So fraught are they with good to mankind and with honor to God, that their preservation and promotion might appropriately fill an angel's heart, and do fill the hearts and hands of many of those who are frequently flattered with the *name* of angels, and who, in performing the quiet and unostentatious, but inestimable duties of the Sabbath school, are doing that upon which angels look down with ineffable delight, and which assimilates them as much, perhaps, as any other course of action could, to those celestial beings.

With many people the idea seems to be, that because the enterprise of which we are now speaking has to do with little children, principally, it is a very small or unimportant business. But until it can be shown, that it is a small or unimportant business to imbue with proper principles, and to give a proper direction to minds, that are destined to have an extensive and mighty influence, in giving character to the rising and succeeding generations, we must take the liberty to conclude, that the business itself is not small, but that those who *think* it is have very small *ideas*; and that while *they* are engaged in schemes and enterprises, which, in their estimation, are of the greatest imagina-

ble moment, they involve consequences infinitely less important to individuals, and to society at large, than do the silent, obscure, and unpretending labors of the Sabbath school teacher.

And furthermore, it is very observable to every one who has taken any pains to notice the signs of the times, that those denominations which cordially cherish, and zealously sustain these invaluable auxiliaries, are usually in a healthy, flourishing condition, and are almost constantly enlarging their borders; whereas those denominations which either discountenance and condemn them, or adopt them in an apathetic, half-hearted manner, are lingering along with a kind of sickly existence; and unless they speedily change their sentiments and course on this subject, there is great reason to apprehend, that it will not be long before they will be reckoned among the things that were, but are not.

There is one object which benevolent and intelligent females accomplish, by their participation in the pleasing task of Sabbath school instruction, that deserves to be particularly mentioned. Many of the children who avail themselves of the benefits of these institutions, (especially in large cities,) are from families whose examples and precepts—if indeed they have the ability, or ever take the trouble to give any precepts at all—are not only unpropitious and useless, but decidedly corrupting and demoralizing in their tendencies. But when the children of such families are introduced into these schools, and brought under the tuition and guidance of enlightened and tasteful females, whose hearts are warmed and expanded with the love of God, and consequently, with deep and ardent sympathies for the ignorant, destitute and neglected; when, I say, those children are brought under the kindly and ennobling influence of such minds, their susceptible natures are not long in feeling and manifesting the happy effects of it. Their confidence is enlisted; their ambition is awakened; a love of character, and a just abhorrence of all that is groveling, dishonest and dishonorable, soon begin to make their appearance. And such children, returning to their homes, are not only qualified to perceive, and ready to deplore the humiliating scenes of folly and wickedness that are enacted there almost every day; but what is far more important, they have not unfrequently been the instruments of an entire, and most benignant revolution in the principles and habits of the whole domestic circle, to which they belong. The hearts of Sabbath school teachers are often cheered with the most affecting and indubitable proofs, that, under the blessing of God, their efforts have been productive of consequences of this description. *Such teachers are to such children, in loco parentum*—in the place of parents; and the sentiments that their pupils cherish towards and for them, are as generous, confiding and affectionate, as those of the most noble-hearted children towards the most estimable of natural parents. And is there nothing in all this, that is worthy of the devoted attention of the most exalted and best endowed intellect, that ever dignified and adorned the female

character? Well may we pity the ignorance or superciliousness of the individual that can affect to look down upon such an employment, as if it were fit only for those who are utterly incapable of lofty aspirations, and of vigorous and comprehensive intellectual achievements.

Any additional observations which I may have to offer on female influence, I shall endeavor to condense within the limits of a single subsequent number; sincerely trusting, in the meantime, that continued and increasing success may attend your arduous, and highly valuable labors, in the kindred causes of literature, science, and religion.

J. S. TOMLINSON.

Augusta College, Ky., March, 1841.

Original.

ON YOUTH.

BY REV. J. L. GROVER.

THIS is a most interesting period of life. It has, it is true, its labors, and cares, and sorrows; but at the same time, it has its hours of sun-shine—of pleasure and joy. To those of us who have passed the spring-time of life, it is endeared by a thousand pleasing associations, and memory lingers around it as the brightest portion of our past history. But how delusive are its dreams, its hopes, and its plans for future happiness. How few of its expectations are realized; and how many of its pleasing dreams terminate in disappointment, and vanish away in the cares and anxieties of after years. With what delight do the young usually look forward to mature life as the time when they shall enjoy all the happiness that fortune and friendship can secure—when they will taste of every cup of pleasure, and wander without restraint wherever duty or inclination may lead. But as they advance in life they find that new duties claim their attention, new wants and engagements call forth their energies; they look upon their obligations to society and to themselves in a different point of light; and laying aside the visionary plans of youth, they enter upon the sober duties of life in the belief that all attainable good must be the result of diligence and untiring perseverance.

But notwithstanding there is much of romance in the plans and calculations of the young, the morning of life is nevertheless a period of vast importance, and exerts an influence that will not only be felt in time, but in all the ages of eternity itself. If it be true in the moral as in the natural world, that “just as the twig is bent the tree’s inclined,” how important to give a proper inclination to the thoughts and habits of childhood. While the mind can readily receive and retain the various branches of literature and science, how important that it be exercised in grasping the treasures of knowledge, and in laying the foundation of future usefulness. It is thus that the young will grow up with settled principles and purposes, and be prepared to act well their parts in the different departments of life.

It is a well known fact, however, that since the pow-

ers of the mind have been weakened and disordered by the fall, knowledge is obtained with labor, and can only be retained with care and diligence; and hence the young would generally prefer idleness and pleasure to the mental discipline that is necessary to their exploring the treasures of wisdom, and fathoming the sources of mental improvement; consequently their progress in learning is the result of constraint, rather than the exercise of their free, unbiased choice. But could the young be made to feel the value of time, and to realize the advantages arising from a liberal education, they would improve the precious moments of life, by bending their entire energies to the pursuit of useful knowledge. Many, for the want of early application to study, have sustained a loss that they never regained in after life; and thus they not only diminished their influence and usefulness in society, but greatly lessened the amount of their own intellectual enjoyment. If all the hours that are wasted in idleness and unnecessary recreation by the young, were devoted to useful pursuits, how much wiser and happier they might be in this life, and in that which is to come. I trust that the pages of the "Repository" will awaken useful reflection upon this subject, and so impress the importance of early exertions, as to excite the young to diligence and perseverance in pursuing the various branches of learning.

There is another subject that should especially claim the attention of the young—I mean *the religion of the blessed Jesus*. Whatever else they may leave undone, they should not neglect the service of God, and the interests of eternity. To them the requirement of the Savior applies with peculiar force, "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness." It should be first in point of *time*, as it is first in point of *importance*. And surely there is no sight upon the earth more lovely, and upon which the angels look with deeper interest, than to see the young devoting the bloom of youth, and consecrating the earliest affections of their hearts to the praise and service of Him who "calls them out of darkness into his marvelous light." And while the saints in heaven unite with the saints upon earth in rejoicing over the conversion of the young, the Savior will "gather them in his arms, and carry them in his bosom, and lead them to fountains of living water." There is every consideration in favor of early attention to the duties of religion. The *commandment* is, "Remember *now* thy Creator in *the days of thy youth*," and it cannot be neglected without incurring the divine displeasure. This, of itself, should be motive sufficient to prompt to the performance of duty. But there are other reasons that should not be overlooked connected with this important subject; for it is a fact well established by experience, that before habits of vice are contracted, or the soul is polluted with crime, it is comparatively an *easy matter* to become religious—the mind is not loaded with care, and there are no long established vices to abandon. Besides, those who embrace religion in the days of their youth become early established in the doctrines and duties of Christianity; they grow up with settled principles of

virtue, and make greater proficiency in religious experience than those who neglect the calls of mercy until a later period in life.

But why is it that so many permit the precious moments of youth to pass by in the neglect of those things belonging to their peace? They are generally unwilling to forego the vain amusements of this world, and to submit to the restraints that a profession of Christianity imposes; hence they are found living in the "ways of their heart, and in the sight of their eyes," though in doing so they endanger their all in time and in eternity; while others are impressed with the importance of becoming religious, and fully calculate upon making their peace with God before the hour of death; but are putting off the important matter until a more convenient season; and after passing the whole journey of life, they will find that the more convenient season will not arrive. "O that they were wise; that they understood this; that they would consider their latter end!"

When, therefore, we reflect upon the shortness and uncertainty of life, what powerful motives do these considerations present, to prompt, persevering action. How rapid is the journey from the cradle to the grave! The days of youth glide swiftly by, and before we are aware, we find ourselves bending under the weight of years, and trembling on the borders of eternity. Whatever we do towards acquiring useful knowledge, or preparing for the eternal world, must be done speedily. Time, in its noiseless flight, is rapidly bearing us to the tomb. Soon "the keepers of the house will tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the daughters of music shall be brought low." Death, with all its gloomy terrors—the soul, with all its faculties, and eternity, with all its solemn realities, unite with the poet in declaring that there is

"No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone."

—•••••
WOMAN.

—
BY MISS HANNAH MORE.

As some fair violet, loveliest of the glade,
Sheds its mild fragrance on the lonely shade,
Withdraws its modest head from public sight,
Nor courts the sun, nor seeks the glare of light:
Should some rude hand profanely dare intrude,
And bear its beauties from its native wood,
Exposed abroad its languid colors fly,
Its form decays, and all its odors die.

So woman: born to dignify retreat,
Unknown, to flourish; and, unseen, be great;
To give domestic life its sweetest charm;
With softness polish, and with virtue warm;
Fearful of fame, unwilling to be known,
Should seek but Heaven's applauses, and her own;
Should dread no blame, but that which crimes impart—
The censures of a self-condemning heart.

Original.
FILIAL FIDELITY.

BY MISS M. B. BAKER.

When the ci-devant Marchioness de Blois Beranger was confined in prison at Paris with her father, mother, and a younger sister, she forgot her own misfortunes in her efforts to relieve theirs. She was happy in the thought that they would all die together. But when the news came that her family was condemned and herself liberated, she wept bitterly and exclaimed, "Alas! we shall not die together." Shortly after her own conviction was announced, when she cried in triumph, "See, my mother, we *shall* die together." She supported her mother to the scaffold, strengthened her by her own example, consoled her with words of love, and then calmly resigned herself to death in the assurance of a blessed reunion with her kindred in heaven.

THANK God! all, *all* are here. These hideous walls
Wax warm and cheerful: sun and moon and stars
Withhold their welcome shining; but to me
The stellar beauties of unclouded night,
And burning glories of the summer noon,
Are the mere *pictures* of true happiness—
Mine be the *life*—the *substance*. Even here
A constellation shines, fairer than heaven,
With all its fires, hangs o'er a gazing world.
A father's smile, a mother's tearful gaze,
A sister's glance—be these for aye henceforth
My sun—my gentle moon—my trembling star,
Of peace, of holy comfort and of joy,
To deck and gild—to light and cheer my way,
Till I with them, swept from this stormy sphere,
Find soft and sweet repose!

Familiar grown,
With wakeful lingering nights and anxious days,
In this damp cell, our guiltless hearts are crushed,
By fallen fortunes. Earth is no more ours;
Throughout these rock-bound vaults death ever lurks,
To guard with sleepless vigilance his prey;
We fly, we fear him not. We court his power,
To free us from this heavy weight of chains.
Then, boundless, we shall soar—we shall o'ersweep
All change and fear and pain, spurning the storm
Which closes round our darken'd destiny.
Yes, half immortal, plumed for airy flight,
With thought unchained, we already seem t' o'erleap
These towering walls, and fetterless and free,
Dart through illimitable fields of space,
To a blest home beyond oppression's reign.
But let my presence now, my cheerful words,
Cheerful as flowing numbers of the harp,
To you the drooping objects of my care,
Impart some crumbs of comfort.

Hark! The door
Turns on its grating hinges; hurried steps
Forewarn intrusion on our solitude.
A messenger! What tidings? Grief or joy?

My honored *sire* condemned! A *mother's* name—
A *sister's*, written down for death, for slaughter,
And I marked out to live! Detested life!

1

My soul's abomination—I am *doomed*
Its wretched victim. Call it not *release*.
I do abhor, with fierce and scorching hate,
The sound, the breath, the pulse, the thought of life—
Its visions torture me. Shall I go forth
In friendless solitude, without one tie,
To bind my spirit to a heartless world?
For me the moon and stars will yield no light—
Sunshine would wear a worse than dungeon gloom.
The hope to die is quenched; and now the shades
Which lower'd without, brood deep and dark within.
I'm as a courser bounding near the goal,
Driven far back by an o'ermastering power;
Or like a mariner making the port,
From a long voyage on a stormy sea,
Swept back by veering tempests 'mid the rocks
Concealed beneath the billow's maddening foam—
Above and far around a starless night—
Shore out of sight, sails split, and compass gone.

And we have past together one more night.
'Tis morning now. How sweetly do the birds
Carol without! I never heard them sing
So charmingly—even the sunshine falls
On its accustomed place within these bars
With an unusual lustre: 'tis, perchance,
That I have grown more calmly thro' the night.
A light broke on my sleep—I had a dream:
I thought that all at once I heard a burst
Of strange mysterious music—sweeter far
Than diapason swells from thousand harps;
And all around there spread a brilliant scene,
Of gently sloping hills, and lovely vales.
Farther than eye could reach; and there were trees,
Surpassing all that I had ever seen,
For verdant beauty; even their very leaves
Rustling above made soothing melody,
When soft winds stirred them; and the fragrant flowers
(So it did seem) could neither fade nor fall;
And all along from out these sunny vales,
Greener than purest emerald, I saw
Clear fountains gushing forth, whose rippling rills
Murmur'd sweet music; and the glorious sun
(For such a sun my vague imagining
Had not conceived, for glowing radiance)
Flash'd his broad fires, emblazoning earth and sky;
I gazed upon the heavens, but saw no cloud
To throw a shadow on his shining course.
And there were forms of beauty exquisite,
Unlike what I had seen in human mold,
Near and remote. At last a deep toned voice
Fell on mine ear. I knew not whence it came,
Nor how; but then it thrilled me with these words,
Never to be forgot, "*This-is-thy-home!*"
I then thought of this dungeon and these chains,
And most of *you, my friends*. But quick as thought,
You too were there. For joy I then awoke.
Perchance 'twere better I had always slept,
For when realities do torture one,
O, how refreshing to the soul are dreams!

But list! a sound of gathering multitudes
Comes from without. Methinks it is the noise
Of clattering hoofs—the neighing of curbed steeds.
The guard! the guard! See through the opening gates
Two forming lines—between, an easy pass,
Through which, far off, the scaffold looks and smiles—
But not on me. There comes a messenger.

* * * * *
Mother, see here, *my sentence!* I with you
Am now elect of death. Bless'd Providence,
That did reverse my doom and let me die.
And now, dear friends, sweet mercy bids us soar,
Helped by one convoy, to the realms of bliss.
Guards, do your work—knock off these cruel chains—
From this foul dungeon bear these feeble forms,
And let us die as *one*. With tender care,
Respect the palsied limbs, and feeble forms
Of sinking age; and yonder withering bud,
Please ye, touch gently; for remember, sirs,
One tongue there is, can imprecate a curse
On reprobates, and offer prayer for those
Who minister the law with mercy's grace.

* * * * *
This glare of light enables me to see
How darkness and the prison's damps have wrought
Sad desolation; pale and sickly hues
O'erspread the features of my drooping friends.

* * * * *
That arm, on which I pillowed my young head,
Sinks down in death. Adieu! a *short* adieu!

SORROW.

O! ASK me not why sorrow's form
These fading features wear;
O! ask me not why still I turn,
From all that's bright and fair:
I could not tell thee all my woes,
But every heart its sorrow knows.

There was a time when I could join
In every sport, in every joy,
And not a mirth that art could coin,
But brought me sweets without alloy;
But all these feelings long have clos'd,
On this sad heart that sorrow knows.

My early years have pass'd away,
Like as a soft and peaceful dream,
And not an hour but then was gay,
Yet transient as the meteor's gleam;
But now I would I could repose,
Where not one heart a sorrow knows—

E'en in the dark and silent grave,
Where not a wish disturbs the breast,
Then rise to Him who died to save,
And find a lasting, peaceful rest;
There feel no more those aching throes,
Which every sorrowing spirit knows.

MARY.

PRIEST AND LAYMAN.

Selected from the manuscript of the late Rev. A. Baumgarten.
Translated from the German by Rev. A. Miller.

IN the great persecutions of the Christians under the reign of the emperors Decius and Valerian, it was more desired to witness the apostasy of disciples than the shedding of their blood. Also, were the teachers more persecuted than the laity; and some of the teachers themselves apostatized. Among other remarkable occurrences is the following:

One of the laity, Nicephorus, was the friend of Sappricius, a priest. They became enemies to each other, and separated without being reconciled. Nicephorus was sorry for it. He sent by a third person to the priest to ask for his forgiveness; but three times without success. Nicephorus came and threw himself at the feet of the priest, and prayed, "Father, forgive me! By the Lord I entreat thee, father, forgive me!" But again he was unsuccessful. Now the persecution began. The priest was apprehended. He acknowledged himself a Christian, and was led to the place of execution. Nicephorus heard of it, followed him, and prayed all the way along, "Father, forgive me!" The priest was silent. The heathens laughed and mocked that he should ask pardon from a man that was about to die. Nicephorus answered, "Ye know not for what I ask." The priest was now to kneel down and be beheaded. He tremblingly asked, what have I done? He was told that he must die, because, for the sake of Christ, he refused, according to the decree of the emperor, to offer sacrifice. He promised to offer sacrifice. Nicephorus besought him not to forfeit his soul and his crown in such a dishonorable way, but in vain. Finally, Nicephorus exclaimed, "I am a Christian, take my life instead of the life of Sappricius." The judge agreed to it, and he was beheaded.

Though I do not believe that the Christians were obliged to betray themselves, nor that all who did so acted right, yet it is impossible for me to censure or lightly esteem the action of Nicephorus. He was led to the place of execution by the spirit of humility and of charity, which was more virtuous in him than if he had been led there by the executioners. To him I apply the words of the evangelist—Mark xiii, 11.

The narrator continues: The priest had gone to the altar on earth without reconciliation, and was therefore unworthy to approach the altar in heaven. What is the altar? "Where the voice of thanksgiving is heard, and all thy wonders are declared."

"PUBLIC events, of moment, when deeply and fully considered, are the fertile source of political maxims, which ought to contain the very soul of the moral history; and then they are imperishable, and indestructible, worthy of being resorted to as a tower of strength in the storm, and spreading their effulgence over the tide of time, as a beacon in the night."

Original.
PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

—
BY PROFESSOR MERRICK.

—
MAN.

IN my last article I did not quite finish my remarks on man. The present will contain a brief description of the *organs of sense*. In man these are five; viz., those of touch, smelling, tasting, hearing, and seeing, each of which is furnished with appropriate nerves. Between these nerves no difference of substance can be distinguished, nor between them and other portions of the nervous system. Even the expanded part of the nerve, which is especially designed to receive the impression, exhibits no peculiarity except its minute division, and soft and uniform texture. Still each nerve is capable of communicating no other sensation than such as was designed to be produced by the organ to which it is appropriated. No other sensation, for example, than that of light can be communicated by the nerve belonging to the eye, and no other than that of sound by the one belonging to the ear; and some assert that no part of the nerve except that which is expanded upon the organ is capable of giving rise to sensation. Upon this last point, however, there is a difference of opinion. Roget says that "no nerve, but the optic nerve, and no part of that nerve, except the retina, [the expanded portion of the nerve,] is capable, however impressed, of giving rise to the sensation of light." Bell, however, says that "every impression on the nerve of the eye, or of the ear, or the nerve of smelling, or of tasting, excites only ideas of vision, of hearing, of smelling, or of tasting; not solely because the extremities of the nerves, individually, are suited to external impressions, but because the nerves are, through their whole course and wherever they are irritated, capable of exciting in the mind the idea to which they are appropriate, and no other." It is somewhat singular, that although these nerves cannot excite but one class of sensations when impressed, they can produce these even when acted upon by objects for which the organ was obviously not intended. If the retina of the eye be pricked with the point of a sharp needle, a brilliant spark of light will be perceived; if the ball be pressed, it will give rise to all the colors of the rainbow. "A blow, an impulse, quite unlike that for which the organs of the senses are provided, will excite them all in their several ways; the eyes will flash fire, while there is noise in the ears. An officer received a musket-ball which went through the bones of the face—in describing his sensations, he said that he felt as if there had been a flash of lightning, accompanied with a sound like the shutting of the door of St. Paul's." The senses being designed to take cognition of external objects, the organs are placed at the surface of the body.

THE ORGAN OF TOUCH.

By the sense of touch we are made acquainted with a variety of qualities, as hardness, softness, roughness, smoothness, figure, &c. This knowledge is acquired

by sensations produced through impressions being made upon the appropriate nerves by bodies capable of affording resistance. The hand is generally regarded as the organ of this sense, though the skin, perhaps, might be so with more propriety. It is true, that the hand is generally employed in receiving impressions from resisting bodies, but all parts of the surface of the body are capable of being similarly affected, though in a less degree. It will be recollected that the skin is composed of three layers; the *cuticle*, *mucous membrane*, and *corium*; and that the latter only is furnished with nerves and blood vessels. These nerves, which are divided to an extreme degree of minuteness, and apparently spread over the entire surface of the corium, give rise to the sensation of touch. If the external surface of the corium be examined with a microscope, there will be seen a great number of minute *filaments* projecting from it into corresponding grooves in the cuticle. In each of these filaments is bound up the extremity of a nerve with an accompanying blood vessel, and a small quantity of semi-fluid matter. They are especially conspicuous at the ends of the fingers, where the sense of touch is more delicate than in any other part of the body. The cuticle serves as a protection to the nerves. Without this protection the contact of external and resisting bodies would produce excruciating pain, and the nerves would soon become callous and insensible. Of all the senses, touch is probably the most important, and no one is susceptible of a higher degree of cultivation. By the use of this alone the blind are enabled to read with facility, and perform most kinds of manual labor. In some cases they are able even to distinguish colors; not indeed *as colors*, the sensations being purely those of touch. Those who have been conversant with any of this unfortunate class of persons, must have been struck with the almost constant use which they make of this sense, and the readiness with which it enables them to recognize their friends, articles of dress, and other objects with which they are familiar.

THE ORGAN OF TASTE.

The sense of taste is employed in detecting certain qualities in substances when in a liquid state. These qualities are called *sapid*. The surface of the tongue, which is the organ of this sense, is furnished with a great number of blood vessels and nerves. In the forepart of this organ the filaments, or *papillæ*, containing the extremities of the nerves, are not only numerous but very prominent, so much so as to be visible by the naked eye. It is said if these papillæ be touched with a fluid which has a strong taste, such as vinegar, applied by means of a camel-hair pencil, they will be seen to become elongated by the action of the stimulus; and it is supposed that this effect always accompanies the perception of taste. As this organ is adapted only to the action of liquids, solid substances which are not solvable in the saliva, or moisture of the mouth, are tasteless.

The primary use of this sense, says Roget, the organ of which is placed at the entrance of the alimentary

canal, is evidently to guide animals in the choice of their food, and to warn them of the introduction of a noxious substance into the stomach. With respect to the human species, this use has been, in the present state of society, superseded by many acquired tastes, which have supplanted those originally given to us by nature; but in the inferior animals it still retains its primitive office, and is a sense of great importance to the safety and welfare of the individual, from its operation being coincident with those of natural instincts. If, as it is said, these instincts are still met with among men in a savage state, they are soon weakened or effaced by civilization.

THE ORGAN OF SMELLING.

The sense of smelling is somewhat analogous to the one last noticed. It differs from it, however, among other things, in taking cognizance of the qualities of substances in the gaseous form, or in a state of minute division. *Oderiferous effluvia*, diffused through the atmosphere, when the latter is inhaled, are brought in contact with the membrane which lines the internal surface of the cavity of the nostrils. Upon this membrane, which is always kept moist for the purpose of retaining the small particles which fall upon it, are spread out the ultimate divisions of the nerves which give rise to the sensations of smell. These nerves, called the *olfactory nerves*, are remarkable for their sensibility, especially in some of the lower orders of animals. Many of these will detect their appropriate food at the distance of miles. It is well known that the dog, by the aid of this sense alone, will follow the footsteps of other animals many hours, if not days, after they have passed over the ground; and that he will distinguish the track of his master from that of thousands of others, whether upon the smooth pavement, or in the yielding sand. The particles of matter which affect this organ, in most cases, must be inconceivably small—hundreds of times smaller than the minutest bodies which can be seen by the human eye, even when aided with the most powerful microscope. Musk, asafœtida, and many other substances, will emit a strong odor for years without losing any appreciable weight.

As this sense is employed in detecting vapors in the atmosphere which would be injurious to the system if breathed, and, in the lower order of animals, to a great extent in obtaining their food, as well, also, as in determining what is appropriate to be taken into the stomach, or fit for nourishment, the organ is placed at the beginning of the passages of respiration, and adjacent to the mouth. It is a singular fact that if the organ of smelling be impaired, the sensations of *taste* become very indistinct. Even if the nostrils be closed, it is difficult to determine the peculiar taste of any substance taken into the mouth.

THE ORGAN OF HEARING.

This organ is exceedingly complicated, and some parts of it are but little known. It is acted upon by vibrations of the atmosphere, or some other elastic medium. Bodies which agitate the air in such a way as to produce sound, are said to be *sonorous*. The exter-

nal portion of the ear, called the *concha*, is designed to collect these vibrations and give them an inward direction through the funnel-shaped canal, termed the *meatus auditorius*, so that they may strike forcibly upon the *membrane of the tympanum*, or *ear-drum*, which is stretched across the bottom of the meatus. Behind this membrane there is a hollow space called the *cavity of the tympanum*, which is always filled with air. From this cavity there is a small tube opening into the back of the nostrils, so that the air is not confined within the cavity, but has free communication with the air without. This contrivance is necessary in order that the pressure upon the ear-drum may be the same upon both sides. Without it this membrane would be forced inward or outward upon every change in the barometrical pressure of the atmosphere, which would seriously impair the perfection of the organ, and prevent a distinct perception of sound. In the *mastoid process of the temporal bone*, there are numerous cells that are also filled with air, which communicate with that in the cavity of the tympanum. On the side of the cavity opposite to the ear-drum is the *promontory*—a rounded eminence, which is connected with the membrane of the ear-drum by a chain of minute moveable bones. It is supposed that the office of these bones is to communicate the vibrations of the ear-drum to a membrane which lines a cavity of the promontory. They are regularly articulated together, but differ very much in size and form. Still further back is the *labyrinth*—an organ of very singular construction, the mazes of which I shall not here attempt to thread, as a description without a diagram would be little else than words without knowledge. Its use is not well understood; but that it performs some important function in the phenomena of hearing there can be no doubt, as there are appropriated to it a large portion of the *auditory nerves*.

THE ORGAN OF SEEING.

A description of the eye or ear might more properly form the subject for an entire article, than a single paragraph. I shall attempt here only a brief description of some of the most important parts of the eye. The portion of this organ projecting in front is called the *cornea*, from its supposed resemblance to horn. It is highly transparent and very strong. It serves to concentrate the rays of light which fall upon it, and to protect the more delicate parts of the organ from external injury. Immediately back of the cornea is the *anterior chamber*, which is filled with the *aqueous humor*—a transparent fluid much resembling water. The dark circular portion of the eye, seen in front, is the *iris*. It is this which determines the *color* of the eye. It lines the posterior surface of the chamber just noticed, and is composed of muscular fibers which have the power of contracting and expanding, so as to increase or diminish the opening at the centre, called the *pupil*, according to the intensity of the light to which the eye is exposed. Behind the opening of the iris lies the *crystalline lens*. It is of the consistency of hard jelly, and perfectly transparent. The posterior chamber occupies all the internal cavity of the eye which lies back of

the crystalline lens, and is filled with the *vitreous humor*, a fluid which very nearly resembles, in its composition and properties, the aqueous humor. The inner surface of this chamber is lined with a fine white net-work, formed by the expansion of the optic nerve. This is called the *retina*, and is imbedded in the *pigmentum nigrum*, a black velvety substance, which absorbs the light after it has performed its office upon the retina. The whole apparatus is inclosed in a strong coat, or membrane, termed the *sclerotica*, which is seen in the *white of the eye*.

In the act of vision, the light which falls upon the eye is directed by the cornea, through the pupil, when it is refracted by the crystalline lens and thrown upon the retina, where an image of the external object is formed. Here the light acts in such a way upon the optic nerve as to produce the sensation of seeing. The following extracts, the first from Sir J. Herschel, and the other from Roget, will but express what all must have felt, who have carefully studied the structure of this wonderful instrument. "It is the boast of science to have been able to trace so far the refined contrivances of this most admirable organ; not its shame to find something still concealed from its scrutiny; for, however anatomists may differ on points of structure, or physiologists dispute on modes of action, there is that in what we *do* understand of the formation of the eye so similar, and yet so infinitely superior, to a product of human ingenuity—such thought, such care, such refinement, such advantage taken of the properties of natural agents used as mere instruments for accomplishing a given end, as force upon us a conviction of deliberate choice and premeditated design, more strongly, perhaps, than any single contrivance to be found, whether in art or nature, and render its study an object of the deepest interest." "Of all the animal structures, this is, perhaps, the one which most admits of being brought into close comparison with the works of human art; for the eye is, in truth, a refined optical instrument, the perfection of which can never be fully appreciated until we have instituted such a comparison; and the most profound scientific investigations of the anatomy and physiology of the eye, concur in showing that the whole of its structure is most accurately and skillfully adapted to the physical laws of light, and that all its parts are finished with that mathematical exactness which the precision of the effect requires, and which no human effort can ever hope to approach—far less to attain."



"As in agriculture, he that can produce the greatest crop is not the best farmer, but he that can effect it with the least expense; so in society, he is not the best member who can bring about the most good, but he that can accomplish it with the least admixture of concomitant ill. For let *no man* presume to think that he can devise any plan of extensive good, unalloyed and unadulterated with evil. This is the prerogative of the Godhead alone."

Original.

RELIGION FOR THE INSANE.

ONE of the interesting features of that expansive and embracing Christian benevolence, with which this age is radiant, is the encircling care it has thrown around the once neglected and dreaded lunatic. It has reached him, even at the gloomy distance to which a self-excusing neglect and superstitious fear had driven him, and extended to him its warm sympathies, and relieved him by its enlightened, skillful care. One by one the barriers with which prejudice had shut him out from the attentions bestowed upon other unfortunates, have been broken down; and now he is made the recipient of all the tender mercies which pulsate the Christian heart. Among the last of these prejudices yielding to this happy influence, is the extension of religious privileges to the insane. Though as yet an experiment, *sub judice*, its friends have much to encourage them in the anticipation of happy results.

It is only from some knowledge of mental disease, and the success of moral means, in its relief, that we can properly appreciate this new addition to the long catalogue of appliances.

We often make a false estimate of the extent of insanity in the mind. By the sudden onset of some highly exciting cause, the intellect seems to be driven anchorless from its moorings, presenting a wild and turbulent storm of feeling, or an unruled chaos of illusions, yielding no obedience to the high attractions of reason; and yet not very far beneath this warring turmoil, there may be some calm current, undisturbed by the upper flow. The agitated surface *may* conceal from our view an unruffled quiet beneath. Such, we think, is often true with minds that present in their insanity nothing but the uncontrolled waywardness of passion, or the incoherency of unbalanced intellect. There is still some chord whose melody is unmarred, that, if skillfully struck, would give forth sweet sounds, which might diffuse a harmonizing influence over the discord. And often, very often, is this chord the religious sentiment in the human heart. The elements that constitute this sentiment, giving, as they do, to our nature its stamp of immortality, raising the heart, in its aspirations, to heaven and eternity, are deeply engraven on its tablet. When all the elements of mind, that link our nature to the scenes and excitements of earth, and enter the lists of *its* contests, and bear away the marks of *its* battles—have suffered their worst, there may still remain something with no earthly sympathy, unscathed by this contamination. Often the heart *seems* to freight some frail bark with *all* its hopes and joys, and send it out on the traitorous ocean of life; and when the hurricane mingles sea and sky, and darkness gathers around, and it sinks for ever from our view, we may suppose *all* is lost, while the voyager may yet have "laid up a treasure in heaven," which "wind and tide" can never disturb. Thus disappointed and sickened with all earthly prospects, if in the darkness of this gloom, *its* hopes be turned where no cloud has yet intervened, the mind may be recalled from its despon-

dency, its aberration corrected, and its healthful activity again restored. At this stage, religious exercises, combined with other means, act as a centre of gravity, sending out an unseen, harmonizing influence, that by degrees pervades the eccentric movements of mind, and wins them back to the order from which they had wandered.

Experience confirms the propriety of their employment. The patient convalescing from insanity, feels the necessity of something to *fix* the mind, as it recovers itself from the dizzy whirl in which it has been eddying with a fearful and lawless rapidity. To permit it to go back to the contemplation of objects that first drove it from its balance must be disastrous. The great design is to create an interest in new objects, and to furnish new subjects of thought. Hence, the advantage of a removal from friends and habitual associations, cutting off the mind from whatever might suggest a train of thought encouraging or establishing its illusions. The whole system of moral treatment must combine to the same end; and the introduction of religious exercises, as part of this system, has already given promise of its happy adaptation. To the heart that has sunk to despondency from the blight of all earthly anticipations, they present hopes that never disappoint—to many a vacant mind, they relieve the irksomeness of “an aching void;” and to others fill up the blank of an unoccupied memory, with recollections of the distant past that soothe and cheer.

But even those whose derangement is dependent on misguided religious feeling, and the extravagant delusions of fanaticism, are not exempt from the advantages to be derived from these exercises. In the quiet simplicity and unostentatious forms of family religion there is nothing to excite, nothing to kindle up the zeal of the fanatic, or cast a deeper shade over the gloom of the melancholic; but on the contrary there is much to call back the wayward wanderings of the former to the beautiful simplicity of truth, and by the touching story of redeeming love, to shed the light of hope and peace over the dark despondency of the latter. These happy effects, we think we have seen, as from day to day we have mingled with these children of woes untold, and gathered around the family altar with this companionship of strangers in all things save a community of misfortunes. O, how appropriate to “commit all our cares to Him that careth for us,” and ask the light and direction of Him who first lit up the fire of intellect in the soul, to bless the humblest effort, to restore reason to its vacant throne, and calm the lawless storm of passion.

In this, all, in any measure capable of appreciating it, seem to unite as in a privilege to which each has a common inheritance. The homicide forgets the delusion that had veiled the moral sense in a darkness precluding the perception of right and wrong, and learns to shudder at its fatal results—the gloomy victim of despair is lured away from his own dark contemplations, and again consents to admit the light of hope in upon his existence—unregulated passion receives a

new motive to subject itself to control—the anchorite again seeks society, and the convalescent with a new impulse progresses to complete restoration.

These exercises also dissipate the unpleasant sense of confinement, and assist to establish self-respect, the great fulcrum of beneficial influence over the insane; while in many minds they preserve one of the enjoyments of happier days, that may be associated with dear and important remembrances.

May not the Christian rejoice as he contemplates these triumphs of that spirit that breathed the message of love—“good will to men.” The lunatic, in the dark night that has settled down on his mind, has been gladdened by light from the same fountain. Will not the Christian’s heart pray prosperity to all the means used to alleviate his woes, and God’s direction in their application?

S. M. S.

Ohio Lunatic Asylum, 1841.



Original.

FEMALE EFFORT.

BROTHER HAMLINE,—I noticed in your “Gatherings of the West” an interesting article on female influence, which suggested the caption—Female Effort. One thought provoked another, until my mind rested upon some facts in the history of a Christian female, who was thirty years a member of the Church. Some of these I present to your readers in the hope of rousing to similar exertions pious ladies who know not (having never made a trial) how much, by female effort, may be accomplished.

My friend (for thus I may truly call her) was religiously educated in a sister Church, and before leaving Virginia for the wilds of Kentucky united in communion with that Church. Through the instrumentality of Fletcher’s Checks, and Rev. Mr. Harris of Fayette county, Ky., she became a member of the Methodist Church, and found the blessing of adoption. Like the woman of Samaria, she resolved to tell her friends what a change had been wrought in her heart and in her joys. She proposed to visit Virginia, and make known what great things the Lord had done for her. Under the conviction that God would make it a blessing to her unconverted relatives, she traveled several hundred miles. Not long after her arrival she communicated to her sister, who was a member of another Church, the object of her visit. This produced some surprise, and suspicions were indulged that the western convert was too enthusiastic. How could *she* preach Jesus to her unconverted relatives, so as to awaken them, when Dr. S—— had been trying it for years in vain. The pious adventurer asked that her female relatives might be invited to spend a day with her at her sister’s house. This was agreed to—the invitations were sent—the parties came, and after some inquiries about the west, &c., our friend modestly requested all of them to listen to a portion of her history connected with her conversion to God. This was somewhat unexpected, but not unproductive of good; for who

that has felt the power of Jesus' love can recite with indifference the circumstances connected with the new creation? Her heart warmed, as she talked of Jesus; and while her tears flowed, all were more or less affected. Perceiving the effect, she sung a hymn, then asked them to join her in prayer and praise. She found access to a throne of grace, and wrestled in prayer for each one present. She sung again, and then asked her sister to pray. This was a cross so heavy as to drive her sister to God for help; and he did help, for the heart-searching and convincing Spirit was there. Before they parted she requested them all to seek the Lord, and asked the privilege of spending an evening with them at the house of one of the company then present. This was agreed to, the arrangement was made, and all went to their homes reflecting on the scenes and circumstances of the day.

The time between the appointments was employed by the pious woman in doing her Master's work wherever she happened to be. When the time appointed for the second meeting arrived, their numbers were increased; and to all, a recital of the circumstances of my friend's conversion, and of her subsequent peace and joy, seemed interesting and affecting. She again exhorted them to try the Savior, and to "try him now;" and after speaking to each, she joined the weeping company in prayer. All felt like praying, and in great earnestness called upon the Lord for mercy. Then the good work was manifest—prayer after prayer was offered up to Him whose ear is open to our cry. Pardon-ing mercy was vouchsafed to one or two present. These in turn began to tell of the wondrous love of Jesus.

The pastor heard of their meetings, and was led to attend the third, where God most powerfully blest several penitents. His heart too was touched, and he joined the praying circle. The neighborhood became interested, and a precious revival of religion was the result—embracing many of the relatives and friends of the western missionary—for missionary she may be truly called.

In looking back to the past, how pleasant must it have been for her to dwell on such events as that here narrated. Each lover of Jesus may do some good. The woman of Samaria, by her efforts, brought out of her native city hundreds that heard Jesus, many of whom said, "Now we believe; not because of what thou sayest, but of what Jesus hath said." Females have influence—O that they may employ it to glorify God!

A FRIEND.

"FEAR deliberates and lowers, but hope animates and revives; therefore rulers and magistrates should attempt to operate on the minds of their respective subjects, if possible, by reward, rather than punishment. And this principle will be strengthened by another consideration: he that is punished or rewarded while he falls or rises in the estimation of others, cannot fail to do so likewise in his own."

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THE HINDOO'S DEATH-BED.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

"Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim!
Till earth's remotest nation,
Has learned Messiah's name."

A HINDOO widow, Tugudumba, who was converted to Christ, died in the year 1821, fifty-three years old. Nine years before her death she had been baptized, and she was so happy as to see, before she left this world, four of her sons, two daughters, and two daughters-in-law, give their hearts to Christ, receiving the holy bath of baptism. Her husband lived and died a strong idolater, who would not accept in the last moments of his life any nourishment, because he had once become a Christian. In her last sickness she consoled her children, saying they should not afflict themselves for her sake, but rejoice with her, that she was going to her Master; and when any of them had time, she wanted them to read for her out of the Bible. Formerly she was of a very passionate temper, but the death of two of her sons humbled her very much. She exhorted her children to bear with injustice, and to pardon it; to avoid bad company; to live sober, and never neglect the service of God. When she saw that one of her sons was overtaken with grief, she said unto him, "Why dost thou grieve in such a way? What are my sufferings? Look up to Christ and behold what he suffered for us." When then the tears of both flowed together, the youngest daughter entered and said, "O my dear mother, before this thou always didst trouble thyself about us; now it seems, however, as if thou hadst lost attachment for all earthly things." She replied, "I deliver you into the hands of Him, who loves you more, and takes better care for you, than I am able to do." When the dying mother saw that all the family allowed their tears to flow, she said, "Why do you cry in this way? You will lay a stone of stumbling in my way to heaven. It is better for you to read in your Bible, and pray much, and in particular, pray for me." In the night of her departing this life, when she awoke, one and another of her relations prayed with her; and in the course of the night, five or six Hindoo brethren prayed and sung hymns. Before she died she gave her hand to every one, took an affecting farewell of all, and with the rising of the sun, her spirit rose to the habitation of everlasting salvation.

INFERENCE.

How rich are the rewards of the missionary, consisting not of silver and gold, but of immortal jewelry, polished by his unworthy hand. How excellent are the rewards of that benevolence which flows from self-denying poverty, or pious affluence, into the treasury of the Lord, enabling the missionary to visit the realms of heathenism, and call such as Tugudumba out of darkness into marvelous light. It is enough to transform misers into philanthropists, to read of such a woman as this turning from idols unto the true God. H.

Original.

STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE.

BY REV. S. COMFORT.

MAN is a creature endowed with reason and conscience. All his faculties admit of almost unlimited improvement. To an intellectual and moral being, some authentic rule of action, and some common measure or criterion of excellence, are obviously indispensable. Hence all ranks, professions, and stations in society, must have their rules of conduct, and their acknowledged standard of greatness and perfection. This standard of excellence will of course vary with the education, the taste, the circumstances, the vocation, the time and the place in which we live; because nothing exerts a more sovereign influence upon both our principles and our practices than popular and arbitrary custom. And the vast importance of a correct standard cannot but be obvious from the fact, that as a rational and voluntary being, every man must and does give a permanent molding to his own character. He not only stamps it with its *moral* features, but with its intellectual and social. By nature he has constitutional capacity for astonishing improvement and almost unmeasured excellence and greatness; but the development of this capacity, and the cultivation of his faculties, depend almost entirely on himself. Hence we cannot conceive any thing relative to our present or eternal interests of greater importance than the adoption of a correct standard of excellence. Upon this our manners and our character both depend. This fact is established by arguments the most convincing and conclusive. But the importance of such standard is nowhere more obvious than in female education. That this subject has become one of great triteness, we frankly concede, cannot be denied. And to such an objection we reply—let the sentiment once obtain that its triteness has divested it of its deep and thrilling interest, or has rendered it repulsive to the taste, and made it no longer worthy of the attention of the community, under pretext that due light has been shed on the system, and due improvement made in the mode of conducting it, and it will soon be found that but little has been gained towards applying the desired corrective to the various errors and evils which have hitherto encumbered the subject. Should it not rather be constantly kept before the parent mind; turned over and over until it is seen in all its aspects and bearings; till every error and defect in the prevailing system shall have been substituted by something more excellent? We know much has been said and written on the subject, and much was needful; because the interest is one of vast magnitude to the Church and to the world. And allowing that public sentiment has undergone a great and encouraging change—amounting almost to a revolution—much yet remains to be done before the desired consummation is attained. Differences of opinion must be harmonized as to what should constitute the nature and extent of female education. To feel its mere importance is not enough. What should be its *character* is still the grand

question. And to settle down on fallacious ground, making its prominent features of character disproportionate or distorted, will manifestly be to destroy the symmetry and elegance of the portrait. Here lies the great danger—an evil scarcely inferior to total indifference. To this point, therefore, attention the most unwavering, enlightened, discriminating, and judicious, should be directed. And after all, little, very little, will be gained till the proper standard of excellence is designated, to the attainment of which education is chiefly called into requisition.

To accomplish this object two things may be regarded as being indispensable—to determine what is the correct standard of female excellence; next, to bring this standard into uniform regard and adoption. This done, to sustain and perpetuate the system will be all that will remain. Both are attended with great, but we hope, not with insuperable difficulties. They have their origin, at least in part, in the various and often conflicting views and tastes of parents, which lead them to pursue a different course, and to aim at different ends in the education of their daughters. Thus it is quite conceivable that while receiving their education at the same institution, the varying views and tastes of parents may give a corresponding bias and molding to the governing sentiments, and the controlling principles of action which are to form the constituents of that personal character which must distinguish the pupil much longer, possibly, than during the present life. But let the *same* standard of excellence be adopted by all, and the conformity to each other must follow in exact proportion. And let this standard be what it should be, and we have nothing to fear for female education. The former must and will govern the latter. It will not only have its influence on the parent's mind, whose taste and judgment, as we have seen, impress their indelible image on the youthful, plastic mind of the child; but as far as the formation of character and the attainment of excellence depend on self-exertion, the influence must be still greater. Because, when character may be said to be formed by ourselves at all, it strikes us the instances are few in which it is not formed with more or less conformity to *some* model referred to, real or ideal. Some measure or degree of excellence, real or imaginary, must be regarded as the object to be attained. Let such model be incorrect, or the standard too low, and the result is obvious—the character thus formed cannot be expected to be more perfect than the model, or the excellence rise above or reach beyond the standard. Here, then, lies the secret of a correct system of female education. Here is the correct and solid basis of pure and elevated female character. And if in searching for a satisfactory answer to the first question, we find it necessary to investigate a principle lying still back of this, and which in fact covers the whole ground, to that let us direct our fixed and earnest attention.

What, then, constitutes the true standard of female excellence? Will any be so rash as to make it consist in the most refined and elegant external personal accomplishments? A mere modish etiquette? A sym-

metrical and elegant form; or whatever else is merely ornamental? Strange as it may appear, doubtless it has often been made to consist in nothing better. But if such a standard would not give superiority to physical over mental and moral attainments, it would be at least to prefer the superficial to the solid, the light and transient to the useful and the lasting. After all that has been written, can it be denied that a false taste still but too generally prevails—that the standard has not been, and is not even now sufficiently elevated, or it does not stand erect? The personal and the ornamental preponderate over the solid and the useful, the intellectual and the moral. But we conceive a correct answer to one or two inquiries will reflect sufficient light on the subject to guide the unbiased with almost infallible certainty to the right conclusion.

What are the stations *woman* is destined to fill? the relations she must sustain? the duties to be performed? whose companion and associate will she become? from whose affection and esteem are her own interests and happiness inseparable? We can be at no loss for the answer.

Though by Divine appointment her station is subordinate; nor is her voice heard in Legislative halls, in the forum of forensic conflict and disputation, or on the waves of political strife and agitation, nor yet in the sanctuary as a teacher of religion; yet is it more elevated than that of any potentate that ever filled a throne, and more commanding than that of any monarch that ever swayed a scepter. The relations which she sustains and must sustain are the most tender, endearing, sacred, and important in human society. We can scarcely designate them without exciting emotions the most thrilling our bosoms ever felt: instance daughter, sister, wife, mother! The very terms are associated with "thoughts which breathe," only to be expressed in "words which burn." She is to be the associate of man, whose society must be made agreeable to be secured, whose esteem must be deserved to be continued, whose affection must be cherished to be enjoyed; which can only be done by the possession of real merit, or qualities truly estimable. On this foundation all rational esteem must be based. And to maintain dominion over the empire of his affections, she must be truly amiable. Without these traits of character indelibly engraven upon her heart and mind, for what more can she reasonably hope than his compassion and endurance? And if this is all, it is an inheritance not to be coveted for the happiness it will afford.

We frankly confess we are not of the number of those who can look with indifference on this subject, or who wish to see the mind of *man* cultivated, expanded, and disciplined, and the mind of *woman* neglected, stunted, and undeveloped. By no means. Let both be improved with equal solicitude, and with equal pains. Suppose a comparative view be taken of the native susceptibilities of both, and make this the criterion by which to estimate the amount of culture to be bestowed on each. Disclaiming all desire to enter the lists with those who are disposed to deny or dispute the mental

equality of the sexes, we shall assume that in her appropriate station, relations, and duties, woman is the peer of man. This will not be denied; nor, indeed, can it be, without faulting the Author of our being, at the thought of which we are shocked. Or if with regard to some mental endowments she is man's inferior, must it not be admitted that in some she is his equal, and in others his superior? Has she not a fancy as vivid and lively, an imagination which soars as boldly and loftily? Is not her discrimination as clear and as acute, her reasoning powers as strong, and her judgment as correct as his? We speak only of native, original capacity. With regard to the affections—do not the gentler and the sweeter make their permanent lodgment in her bosom, rather than in his who fondly and proudly dreams of his own native superiority? As to the moral capacity, including both an aptitude for the attainment of moral excellence, and the pleasures arising therefrom, is she at all man's inferior? Here, at least, both occupy common ground. But in a moral view, equality is not all we claim. She is not only a successful competitor for superior purity and moral goodness, but also for superior usefulness. To oppose this claim with success, it must be met from the time her insinuating smile and her inspiring influence begin to exert themselves, like the gentle showers of spring on the enlarging bud, or like the genial sun-rays on the opening flower—on the intellectual being which rests on her bosom, or gambols around her feet. Here it begins. But where does it end, and what is its measure? To see these, it must be viewed in all its operations and bearings, instilling principles, forming habits, controlling in the choice of pursuits in life, and stamping its influence on the character and manners. The amount of usefulness, and strength and extent of the influence exerted, must be estimated, not in an individual or family only; but in a community, a nation, the world, before her claims to rivalry in usefulness can be surrendered. But let it not be forgotten, that while it is contended she is equal in capacity, the result depends almost entirely on its improvement. This, we conceive, is the true cause of her inferiority. Thus we are brought back directly to our starting point—the importance of a correct and elevated standard of excellence, intellectual and moral, that woman's education, her taste, her aims, her principles and standing, may be that in nature and elevation to which she is justly entitled in view of her endowments, relations, obligations, and capacities, as a social, intellectual, and moral being.

As true excellence, therefore, must consist in a highly cultivated state of our intellectual and moral faculties; and as the cultivation of the former without the latter, leaves us destitute of the power both to enjoy and to do good, we can be at no loss for the true—the only true standard of excellence: the combination of high intellectual and moral culture. The former without the latter is like a giant without discretion; wasting his strength in sluggish inactivity or misguided and fruitless effort, or employing his strength only for his own injury and that of others. The latter without the former loses

half its present advantage, both to its possessor and to others. Such an one is like a man laboring to do good with but one hand, while one whose mind and heart are both duly cultivated and improved, has the full exercise of all his powers, securing to himself a revenue of joy and usefulness here, and an eternity of bliss and fruition hereafter.

St. Charles, Mo., April 8, 1841.

Original.

BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

To a mind alive to a delicate sense of the beautiful, nature presents various charms, either sublime and terrible, or in more mild and placid forms. Some minds are entertained by the wild fury of the elements, and the roar of cataracts; others delight to gaze at the setting sun, or watch the budding flower, and mark its progress from one stage of being to another. Who, at the approach of a storm, has noted the clouds hanging in huge masses over-head, frowning in dark displeasure, and then listened to the peals of thunder reverberating along the sky, as the lightning's play scathed the heavens, without being moved by the sublimity of the scene, and awed into reverence for that God who is the author of these awful phenomena?

But the more mild and placid scenes are also capable of entertaining. Sun-set is a lovely scene. At the close of the day, when the muscles and chords of the mind (if you will allow me the expression) are all relaxed, it is pleasant to watch the king of day gradually sinking to repose, painting the clouds with more variegated and gorgeous tints, than the most vivid imagination could conceive. His rising, too, is no less beautiful. Peter the Great expressed his wonder that men should be so stupid as not to rise every morning to behold one of the most glorious sights in the universe. "They take delight," said he, "in gazing on a picture, the trifling work of a mortal, and at the same time, neglect one painted by the hand of the Deity himself."

The landscape, the majestic river, or the mighty deep, are all subjects which ought to excite in us feelings of the deepest humility, and also lead us to adore that God who so causes nature to tend to the gratification of our minds.

Night is another state of nature that ought not to be overlooked. What pleasure there is in contemplating the moon, and the stars and planets, in their nightly courses! These objects should not fail to induce forgetfulness of the things of time, and cause us to look beyond its bounds, and soar in thought to "fairer worlds." The contemplation of the charms of nature ought to inspire us with devotion. God made all these things; we should therefore look through nature to her Architect. We should trace in the heavens and in the earth—in their fields of ether and of light—in their fixed or changing forms of beauty and of glory, the tokens of His supreme wisdom and power, who "stretches out the heavens as a curtain, and hangs the earth over the empty space."

W.

Original.

HELEN IN HEAVEN.

BY MISS M. B. BAKER.

O! WEEP no more for thine innocent child—
He who the blest treasure had given,
Saw best, that all pure and undefiled,
She should pass to her rest in heaven.

But now, while the storm of grief is chill,
And thy heart is with anguish riven;
Content thee to think, how calm and still
Is the rest of thy Helen in heaven.

The scorching noon, the dampning shade,
The storm that darkens at even,
The light of her beauty shall never fade,
For she blooms with the flowers of heaven.

The sorrow, the toil, the strife and woe,
That to mourners of earth are given;
And the many ills that are thine below,
Disturb not her rest in heaven.

Prepare thee for those pure realms above,
So that when life's ties are riven,
Thou shalt clasp in the arms of a purer love,
Thy departed Helen in heaven.

CHRISTIAN PORTRAIT.

"The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day," Prov. iv, 18.

WHERE the cloud-capt mountain's head
Its dark and barren summit rears,
Where the eagle makes his bed,
Morning's glimm'ring light appears,
Day's bright regent, softly slow,
Comes to bless the world below.

Now his golden disk is seen,
Misty darkness breaks away,
Smiles the dew-bespangled green,
Millions hail the opening day,
Man, and feather'd minstrels too,
Haste to toil, or sport, anew.

Clearer gleams the cheering ray,
Bursting glory meets our gaze,
Shines upon us perfect day
Lighted up with orient blaze:
Heav'n and earth resplendent shine,
Garnish'd with a light divine.

Mary! thus may heav'nly light,
Rising gently on thy soul,
Darkness chase, till glory bright
Dawn upon and fill the whole;
Cheering, blessing, grace display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Original.
THE FULLY RIPE.

BY REV. R. SAPP.

"Observe his awful portrait, and admire:
Nor stop at wonder; imitate and live."

On a lowering and murky Saturday evening in December, my horse stopped at the residence of an aged Congregational minister, who resided in the neighborhood of one of my regular Sabbath appointments, in the northern part of Michigan. I gently tapped at the door, having my portmanteaus resting on my left arm. I was immediately ushered in by the amiable hostess of the house, the daughter-in-law of the old gentleman, by whom I was introduced to him. I found him to be

"An aged man, a man of cares,
Wrinkled and curved, and white with hoary hairs."

He had transcended the period allotted to the children of men as pilgrims on earth; and, to be released from the buzz of the world, had taken up his residence in a quiet and peaceful neighborhood, waiting the call of his Master to enter the upper sanctuary. His features were those of the aged pilgrim. I was reminded of Abraham, the friend of God, and of Israel, ready to gather up his feet and depart.

The old gentleman had accompanied his son to this country eight or ten years ago, and had since then gathered around him a small, but interesting flock, consisting, principally, of Scotch Presbyterians, and his own countrymen, New Englanders. To these, he ministered each succeeding Sabbath the treasures of the Gospel, from his well stored and deeply pious mind.

I had not been in his company long before I found myself sitting at the feet of a teacher, who, in his conversation, was remarkably interesting and instructive. He had been educated in one of the New England colleges expressly for the ministry; and this was the fifty-third year of his attendance at the altar. It was like talking with past ages. He had been a close observer of transpiring events. He spoke of religion as it existed sixty years since in the land of steady habits, and of the wonderful changes which had come over the face of things since that period. He vividly described the progress of the French infidelity, and the danger which many supposed religion was in of receiving a final overthrow. Said he, "I am truly astonished at the contrast presented between the sermons written in those days, and sermons written after the storm had subsided." He then adverted to the rapid rise, in immediate succession, of Unitarianism, which had made its appearance but a short time before the age of infidelity, and seemed to think that the latter was aided in its progress by the former. After mentioning these things with great apparent interest, a flash of joy beamed in his countenance as he spoke of the final triumph of religion and vital piety.

Our conversation gradually changed from one subject to another. He was familiar with the early politicians of our country. He spoke of the elder Adams, and of

Hamilton, and of the great Jefferson, on whom he passed some severe criticisms.

At length I asked for his views respecting the millennium. His answer awakened my deepest interest. He thought that the period was approaching, and believed it would be gradual. The revivals of religion, which were taking place throughout the length and breadth of the land, were the sure precursors of some great moral revolution. In confirmation of this, he referred to the prophecies, and spoke particularly of the calculations made upon the mystical periods in the Book of Daniel. He had lived when revivals were almost unknown to the people of New England; and in two instances, when they commenced in his Church, they were not understood, and were discouraged. In speaking of the evident changes in religious feelings and societies, as evidences of the approach of this long-expected period, he remarked with emotion, "There is something important at our doors; and I apprehend that the day of the battle of God Almighty is at hand. Some great events are about bursting upon us. Fire thrown from the altar into the world will produce commotion. The political appearance of Europe and Asia, at this time, indicates mighty conflicts and revolution."

The hours of the evening passed with interest until the clock struck nine, when he observed that the time for retirement had come. He arose and went to the book-case, and took down a large Family Bible, and read the third chapter of the 1st Book of Samuel, which gives the account of Samuel's call to the office of a prophet. This was the chapter in regular order of family devotion. I was invited to attend the services of the altar. This done, we retired with the most interesting and pleasant feelings for our nightly repose.

Little did any of us think that this aged minister's end was so near at hand, or that the measure of his days was full. How uncertain is life! It was even so. His last hour was just expiring.

I arose the next morning and found him communing with the "holy Book divine." The services of the morning were unusually solemn, just as they should be in the chamber of death. He read the chapter in order, and assisted by his grand-daughter, a girl about twelve years of age, who stood by his chair and rested her arm around his neck, sung one of Watts' beautiful hymns; after which, he offered his last audible prayer. He retired to his room to prepare for Church; and while there, fell to the floor. I assisted to raise and place him on the bed. But his labors were closed. He was gathered as fruit, fully ripe, into the garner of the Lord.

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"Gon's vast existence ne'er decays,
His age does never grow;
Past, present, future, in his sight,
Are one eternal now.
Soon shall th' appointed angel stand
O'er earth, and air, and sea,
And swear by Him who ever lives,
Time shall no longer be."

Original.

MARTHA AND MARY.

BY REV. ISAAC EBBERT.

"And Jesus answered and said unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things; but Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

MARTHA and Mary were pious, and our Savior appears to have been peculiarly attached to the family of which they were members. They both sought his approbation; but the former did not select the best method to secure it. She was sincere; but her piety, at least in this instance, erred. She supposed that the most appropriate entertainment she could bestow upon her Master, was a great variety of the fruits of her industry, and of the offerings of her hospitality; and with this view she was careful and troubled about many things. For the time being she seems to have laid aside the concerns of her soul, an attention to which would of all things have been most agreeable to her Savior.

In the conduct of Martha, on this occasion, we have a striking exhibition of a worldly spirit. Worldlings, whether male or female, are always careful (anxious) and troubled (perplexed;) and while they have the care and trouble of many things, they have the real enjoyment of nothing.

Mary's was a different spirit. She dismissed every thing but concern for her higher interests, and humbly seated herself at the feet of Jesus to hear his gracious words. If Mary and Martha now lived—if this were the land of Judea, and Christ were now teaching therein, which of your fair readers would not prefer the humble position of Mary to the ambitious cares of Martha's housewifery?

We have said that the piety of Martha erred. Our Savior admired and respected her devotion, but corrected her error, (an evidence of real friendship worthy the person by whom it was given,) and his reproof demands our serious regard. He does not directly criminate her for unnecessary neglect of his doctrines and precepts; but appeals to her in love, and endeavors to convince her that her choice is unfortunate, and that her sister has done better.

Martha's mistake is the mistake of thousands. She attached more importance to present temporal wants, than to the wants of the soul. This is the error of the multitude who think they must have every earthly thing before they can be happy. Christ's doctrine is different. He plainly declares that "one thing [not many] is needful." By this one thing he evidently means the "love of God shed abroad in the heart;" and as we cannot be happy without this love, how true the declaration—it is needful—as much as if he had said, other things, and many are, or may be expedient, but this "one thing" is indispensable.

It is said that all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, instruction, &c.; and if this circumstance, as

detailed by the evangelist, teaches any thing, it teaches that religion is so absolutely necessary to our happiness that no real happiness is to be consistently looked for without it. I would (if possible) seize the attention of the reader, and fix it intently upon this truth. This was the great subject of our Savior's discourse to Martha and Mary; and evidences of its truth are to be found in the experience of all.

Upon the important subject of religion let us consider the *great*, and in too many instances the fatal impropriety of substituting a mere *expedient* for that which is *essential*—"one thing needful." "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father," is that for which nothing can be safely substituted. We may have health, wealth, and friends—we may dwell in high places, and bask in the sunshine of earthly prosperity—all without may be cheerfulness and gladness; but unless we enjoy this best gift, within us will be a sense of emptiness, and a feeling of bitter disappointment. Nor is it strange that it should be so, since the occasion exists in the very constitution of our being.

We are naturally religious. This may be inferred from the aim of the Almighty in our creation. We were made to glorify God; but surely God did not intend to bring his glory out of considerations involving merely the symmetry and beauty of our physical frames. The glory of our Creator was to be displayed in our happiness, and our happiness was made to depend on the dignity of our minds and our moral purity; and these are religious states. This proves that in the beginning God gave us a religious instinct which would always incline us to him. We are prone to think of religion as a mere contingency interposed by God, to recover us from our lapsed condition—an accidental provision for which we never could have had use if we had not fallen, and which will be of no service to us after we are restored. If we speak of Christianity abstractly, this, to a certain extent, is true; but without some qualification, it will be a poor compliment either to our nature or our future condition. Religion was not made necessary to us by the fall, but only Christianity; as a new development of it. We were created religious. Our first parents enjoyed God's fellowship in paradise; and after we are saved in heaven, our crowning excellence will be heart-felt devotion to God. In the simplicity of piety we shall enjoy that heaven of love and happiness for which we were formed. On this subject it is not too much to say that religion is a part of us, and that every person who is destitute of it, is not an integer, but the fraction of a human being. Truly, then, religion is needful, and it is "one thing." There is a sense in which it is said to be a compound of parts; but comprehensively it is like its Author—one and indivisible—it is like a chain, the which you deprive of its use when you break one link. And, reader, it can make you happy. It is competent to this difficult task. Yes, you can be happy without "possessing earth or seas." Then seek happiness—seek it without delay, or sloth, or intermission. Let it be thy portion in time, and thy heritage in eternity.

Original.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

INTRODUCTION.

EVERY month of our lives we witness incidents which might be wrought into a useful and entertaining volume. If genius and taste could be employed in skillfully selecting and setting forth these incidents, the public would forego the forgeries of wild imagination. I say this not to raise expectations. I have no "truth stranger than fiction" for the entertainment of the reader. I will recite some common-place incidents, composing pictures of real life and individual character. They will not be as exciting as the fabled onsets of chivalry, with its clash of helmets and cloven shields. But there are yet some gentle spirits who can find amusement in scenes less ferocious than glancing swords, pierced breast-plates, and the dying convulsions of vanquished heroes. To such, and such only, I present the following sketch. The names of course are assumed.

CHAPTER I.

UNHAPPY MARRIAGES.

"Not souls of melancholy strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,
Can the dear bondage bless;
As well might heavenly concert spring
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,
Or none beside the bass."

A friend of mine, Mr. Flitwood, once called upon me to solicit advice in regard to an occurrence which had disturbed his domestic peace, and was causing him much anxiety. He was a religious man, but had unadvisedly married a woman of the world, with a stipulation that all the family associates should be selected from amongst the serious, and that formal devotion should be maintained in their dwelling. For almost two years the course of things had run on smoothly; but recently a new-comer into the neighborhood had succeeded in rendering Mrs. Flitwood unhappy in her seclusion, and disposed to violate her nuptial pledge. From Mr. Flitwood's rehearsal it seems he had discovered that Mrs. Standish (so I will call her) was an unpromising acquaintance, and had endeavored, by gentle means, to break off the intimacy. "My dear," said he one day as he sat on the end of the sofa, and Mrs. Flitwood on the other; "my dear, you seem to admire Mrs. Standish."

"Indeed, I'm delighted with her."

"Pray, what about her do you so much admire?"

"Her conversation—her manners—her independence."

"Her independence! Do you consider hers a *virtuous* independence?"

"I deem independence itself a virtue; and Mrs. Standish excels all my friends in that particular."

"Pray give me an example."

"Why, last week her husband forbade her going to the party, but she snapped her fingers at him and declared she *would* go."

"My dear, do you call that independence?"

"Certainly."

I

"And approve of it?"

"To be sure; and if my husband should thwart me thus, I might treat him in the same manner."

Just then dinner was announced. The subject, of course, was waived; but Mr. Flitwood was chagrined to find that his wife had not only adopted such views of conjugal privilege, but had become desperate enough to announce them, and as much as warn her husband that it would be perilous to interfere with her pleasures, however he might disrelish or condemn them. Alas! thought he, as he sat down to dinner, these notions she got from Mrs. Standish.

Dinner being over, Mr. Flitwood silently withdrew to his library, and gave himself up to unpleasant forebodings. In about an hour, a carriage stopped at his door. Soon after, some persons entered an adjoining room, into which the library opened, and commenced a conversation. It chanced that the door was unlatched and a little ajar, and Mr. Flitwood was in too cold a humor to close it. Propriety, however, would have prevented his listening, had not the first words roused his curiosity. Mrs. Standish was there, and for perfect security Mrs. F. had conducted her to the chamber for private chit chat, which ran in part as follows:

"I am happy to say, Mrs. Standish, that the work is begun. I as good as told my husband to-day, that henceforth I will do as I please. I am now resolved to re-enter society, and no longer be robbed of pleasure by the conscientious whims of my family."

"Well, Mrs. Flitwood, my impressions are that you are right. I am glad you are resolved; and now I advise you to execute. Mrs. Gaulette gives a splendid party next week, and you must go. I will tell her an invitation would be acceptable, and she will be delighted. But be sure and come—should you fail, it will never be forgotten."

"Nothing but death shall prevent. I may have a battle; but the sooner my husband is conquered the better, and conquered he shall be, cost what it may."

Mrs. Standish applauded her resolution, exhorted her to constancy, called her a woman of decision, kissed her, and off they trudged down stairs, edified by the precious interview. Mr. Flitwood sighed at the prospect before him; but resolved with great ardor to meet the exigency like a man and a Christian. After some deliberation, however, he felt that he needed the counsel of a friend; and making known to me the above circumstances, solicited my deliberate advice. I sincerely lamented his condition. He was to be pitied. Of all afflictions, that which comes from bad matches is most to be deprecated. To be unfortunate in wedlock is the sum of human miseries. And above all, deliver me from a *fractious* woman. She is worse than a perpetual small-pox. Bind me to an alligator, or weld me to a heated ploughshare—tie me to any thing in air or ocean but a shrew. A simpleton is queenly, and a slattern is tolerable; for offensive odors can be endured. But the shrew, you know, is a tigress; and her presence awakens no other impulse than to watch against violence, and provide for self-preservation.

CHAPTER II.

A LADY WITHOUT DECISION.

"Woman in years, a child in grief and joy,
Take back thy doll and re-assume the toy."

I was willing to advise, but asked time to deliberate. It was a difficult case. This will be perceived when the reader shall have been made acquainted with the characters of the two ladies. I will briefly describe them.

Mrs. Flitwood was by no means the rude, ill-natured, tyrannical woman she would appear to be from the above rehearsal. She had been piously reared in a family of great wealth and respectability; and all that education and the best society could do towards imparting to a beautiful woman the highest polish and accomplishments, had been done for her. Her disposition was naturally amiable. Her intellect was brilliant, and was displayed in conversation to great advantage. There was originally but one defect in her character—she wanted *decision*. From her childhood, persuasion could lead her any where. Her credulity was past all bounds. It seemed as though all sorts of faith, except the Christian, were spontaneous to her mind. She believed things just as readily without, or contrary to evidence, as with it. Her opinions had nothing to do with proof. She would change them on any subject ten times a day without the shadow of a reason. She would permit the prating of one whom she knew to be the greatest gossip in the neighborhood to convince her of that which her senses contradicted. A mischievous school-mate once persuaded her that the water of a neighboring cascade fell toward the zenith, and sent her home to prove the absurdity to her mother.

I said that she originally had but this one defect. But it proved in her a prolific seed of evil. Led this way and that by the simple and designing, her habits were either unsettled or settled wrong. Her character was unformed. She yielded to impressions as readily as infancy; but they were soon effaced. Like images of the camera obscura, they were shadows, and faded away. She had been educated religiously, and her conscience, left to itself, was on the side of religion. In a serious mood she had pledged herself to a sober and secluded life. She loved the man who married her. He had wealth, reputation, talents, engaging manners and a fine person. His piety was sincere and decided, and his attachment to her would never have induced the offer of his hand, without a prospect of uninterrupted domestic retirement and devotion. For this he had made provision. Mrs. Flitwood started with commendable zeal to fulfill this part of her engagement. And for months she had been happy. But a change had come over her. She was tempted to look back to the pleasures she had resigned, and the glance awakened desire. From that moment she was unhappy. Domestic seclusion became, each succeeding day, a state of severer duress. She knew none of the joys of religion, and its restraints at last became intolerably irksome. She was still in her rosy youth, and pleasure solicited her in every form. It is true that for a few months the gay had not pursued her with pressing in-

vitations; and Mr. Flitwood was beginning to hope that she would soon be free from temptation. But in this instance he was a bad philosopher. While pressed with solicitations, Mrs. Flitwood was content to know that her company was courted, and that her presence would be hailed with pleasure everywhere. But when she was no longer invited abroad, her *ambition* was mortified. To be given up and forgotten by her gay friends was more than she was prepared to endure. Nor is it the only instance among females, in which vanity was a stronger passion than the most intemperate love of social pleasures. Mr. Flitwood soon became convinced of his error; but not till just now was he aware that the serpent was in his paradise, and his ruin half accomplished.

CHAPTER III.

A WOMAN OF IMPRESSIONS.

"Alas! that innate tendency to wrong,
Should to our very being's germ belong.
Alas! that *impulse* does our reason win,
And make our passive souls the slaves of sin;
Till vice, unquestioned, makes its easy way,
And conscience, bribed, yields to its sovereign sway."

Mrs. Standish was the agent of this mischief. Her character is worthy of close inspection. In regard to decision she was the very opposite of Mrs. Flitwood. Napoleon did not excel her in the sentiment of independence, nor go much beyond her in the masculine expression of it. But her manners were not uniform. She had, in this respect, her Sabbath and week day suits. Towards strangers and partial acquaintances her decision did not show itself in bold asseverations and vulgar obtrusions. To such her manner was calm and gentle. Her words flowed like the breathings of the lute, and the music of her voice thrilled and thrall'd the soul. Its influence over me, when I first heard it, will never be forgotten. It was a conjurer's fascination. It seemed to me to be composed of all the soothing melodies of the universe. I cannot even faintly recollect its tones of witchery, but my soul melts down in me to this very day. If Satan discoursed to Eve in such honied accents, no wonder the temptation was successful, and the immaculate were defiled. Blended with this apparent gentleness was an obstinacy unconquerable as death. Like a planet she moved softly, but none could check her flight. And beneath her gracious manner the discerning might detect the veiled tokens of self-willed defiance.

To her familiars she was different. They saw expressed what from others was concealed. Before her household she threw off all disguises. It was a moral metamorphosis. O, that she alone (I regret to say it) possessed the unhappy faculty of being an angel abroad and a demon at home!

This woman was religious; and of course she was obstinately so. She commenced devotion with surprising zeal, yielding her whole soul a sacrifice. High hopes there were concerning her; and had she been as docile as she was determined, she might have fulfilled the highest expectations of this charity. But in three months after her conversion she deemed herself in the

highest state of sanctity. In a year, Christian ministers were incompetent to counsel her. She knew more than they all of the duties and privileges of religion. She could instruct a patriarch who had preached forty years, while an exhortation in return would have been deemed out of place. No wonder she made shipwreck; but *how* is the strangest of all.

Unlike most apostates, she relapsed, not by violating conscience. Conscience was her guide at every step of her backslidings. She summoned that mysterious power to sit in judgment on her actions; and whatever it condemned she vigilantly eschewed. She followed conscience then. Her fault was that conscience did not follow the word of God. She studied her own impressions—not the Bible. Some say that to be Christians we must regard both. I incline to believe it. But Mrs. Standish did not think so. She never referred to the Bible; but “my impressions” was a phrase scarcely ever out of her mouth. By her impressions she condemned, and by them she justified. If her impressions moved her to pray, she prayed; if not, she let it alone. If they moved her to speak, she spoke; if not, she was silent. If they moved her to Church, she went; if not, she stayed at home. If they moved her to prayer meeting, she “forsook not the assembling of the saints together;” if not, her seat was empty. If they moved her to visit the sick, she visited; if not, she refrained. If they moved her to the eucharist, she communed; if not, she declined. If they moved her to think and speak well of neighbors, she was merciful to their interests; if not, they might suffer at her lips. She was careful, in one word, not to go contrary to her impressions, lead her how or where they might. You may ask why. Because she deemed the Holy Spirit to be the author of her impressions. She received them as from God. Of course she must not slight them. They were to her as the pillars of cloud and of fire; and like the journeying hosts, she must miss her Canaan or follow her guide. And impressions were her guide.

I trust the reader is aware that when one yields to be governed by impulses, Satan helps the deceived soul to all sorts of impulses except the pure and good. The Holy Spirit makes impressions by the word, read and practiced; not through men and women’s fancies. Mrs. Standish had repudiated the word, and of course had lost the Spirit. She was therefore at sea, driven by the wind, without compass, chart, or soundings. Satan veered the breeze and set the helm. No wonder she had lost her reckoning, and drifted beyond the limits of God’s law. At her conversion, which seemed genuine, she fled from gay society as Lot did from Sodom. But in twelve short months, under the convenient guidance of these impulses, she turned her face backward. Friends admonished her. But she replied, “*Conscience does not condemn me.*” They strove to teach her better, but beyond that point she never would go. Led by degrees from one scene of self-indulgence to another, instead of a recluse, she became once more the frequenter and vindicator of pleasure parties; and her gay friends confidently predicted that in one year she

would be restored to the ball-room and theatre, and would be as free as any of them from the shackles of superstition.

The prophecy seemed reasonable. Why not? She could already abuse a servant, slander a friend, and betray a confidant; and meanwhile, be as devout as a dervise. I dreaded that she would soon make her debut in a waltz, with her eyes upturned, showing the white of pure devotion. For when the religious consent to follow their own impressions, there is no reason why they should not mistake sacrilege for sanctity, and blasphemy for devotion. Such persons have been blinded, till they could violate the most sacred ties; and burdened by crimes less flagitious only than Cain’s, could, with ineffable self-complacency, claim “a conscience void of offense toward God and toward man.” And they were sincere. Mrs. Standish was so.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TEMPTATION.

“His words, replete with guile,
Into her heart too easy entrance won;
Fix’d on the fruit she gazed, which to behold
Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound
Yet rung of his persuasive words.”

Some wonder why it is that error is more ambitious of proselytes than truth. Suppose, say they, that the errorist is sincere, it mostly happens that his system brings no experimental good to its converts. They instance Universalism, and assert that its zeal is inconsistent with its theological assumptions. Its leading doctrine is, that all will be saved. But this faith is urged on men as earnestly as though all who waive it would be damned. It professes, indeed, to seek our *present* happiness. But this is equally inconsistent; for as it teaches that men’s sins form the measure of their punishment, to alleviate their sufferings would thwart the divine administration, obstruct the course of justice, and peril the sinner’s *future* *weal*, by rendering his *present punishment* partial and inadequate. It ventures, lastly, to justify its zeal, by pleading its tendency to check transgression and to promote moral virtue. But *this* is inconsistent; for it teaches that God, who could have prevented all sin, might now consistently supplant it from the world; but is pleased to indulge its reign and miseries for a season, in prospect of its future resulting gains and benefits. How dare *it* then oppose the plan of God’s benevolence, and strive against the working of those agencies, by which the human family is to increase its stores of happiness?

It is well argued; and no plausible answer can be made. Yet this and other errors are diffused with a pains-taking which would not dishonor the most benevolent of mankind. How is it accounted for?

The Bible teaches how. We learn from it that sin and holiness are both disposed to propagation—that *philo-progenitiveness* (forgive the term) belongs not only to charity but to malevolence. The scenes of paradise are proof. They show that Satan, as well as Deity, is vigilant and active—that he is a relentless propagandist. First, God appears in his creative energies. And what majestic power is employed to form a perfect

world, prepare a perfect Eden, and place a perfect ancestry of a purely happy race in these blissful regions of light and love. What next? He "who goes about seeking whom he may devour," itinerates from hell, transforms his very person, seductively applies himself to our freedom and our frailty, and mars a second heaven. He generates in human souls his own depraved passions, among which is that love of diffusing evil which brought him into paradise, and formed in him the purpose of blotting out its glories. From that time to this, evil persons have "waxed worse and worse, *deceiving* and being deceived."

Mrs. Standish was deceived, and she was a deceiver. She was deceived in regard to her own views and practices, and she deceived others into the imitation of them. Her eye was now on Mrs. Flitwood, and we will trace more minutely than in the opening chapter, the steps by which she allured that amiable woman from conjugal allegiance and happiness. She seems to have had no aim but that of proselyting. She was ambitious to mold Mr. Flitwood after her own moral likeness. But him she could not reach, unless, as the serpent our first parent, she might sway him from his sobriety by the influence of his wife. She therefore bent all her attention and care on Mrs. Flitwood. She indulged no malice toward her, and none toward her husband; but this only shows that all the fruits of malice may grow on the stock of error; and that it is needful we should not only *believe* ourselves right, but should actually *be* so. The manners of Mrs. Standish were adapted to secure influence. No wonder, then, that she controlled Mrs. Flitwood, whose intellect was brilliant, but could only soar, not fathom—who had no patience for investigation, no suspicion of lurking mischief; but a credulity, if not a charity, which covered a multitude of sins. Resolved to lead this woman out of her retirement, Mrs. Standish met her with a subduing manner, claimed her as a friend, professed a firm attachment, and gave her tokens of what appeared to be unreserved confidence. In a word, she strengthened her influence over Mrs. Flitwood by the most guarded, yet apparently, the most ingenuous intercourse. Thus one advantage was secured.

The second step was to destroy or impair the influence of her husband. She knew this would peril domestic peace; but she had too little happiness at home to be solicitous about preserving it abroad. Here she needed caution. She found Mrs. Flitwood a most devoted wife, who from her wedding day up to that hour, had felt no regret at seclusion from the world. Happy in the fruition of all her heart desired, she had well-nigh forgotten that there was a world. For of all native ardors which glow in human bosoms, the conjugal approach in bliss most nearly the divine. Religious joys are sweeter, but they descend from heaven.

Mrs. Standish saw that such love toward a husband could not be quenched at once. Patience, like consumption, must chill it by degrees. She proceeded warily. While she always went before to pioneer the way, she managed not to advance so rapidly as to leave

her victim without the sphere of strong and dangerous attraction. Like Satan, her precursor—

"With tract oblique

At first, as one who sought access, but feared
To interrupt, sidelong *she* worked her way;
As when a ship, by skillful steersmen wrought,
Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind
Veers oft, as oft so steers and shifts the sail:
So varied *she*."

Sometimes she turned the conversation to Mrs. Flitwood's family—spoke of its dignity, associations, &c.; and then asked about *his* family, as though it might be doubted if the wife and husband were peers in parentage. Mrs. Flitwood noticed such insinuations; but her friend only *queried*, and therefore could not be complained of. "What a pious, worthy man your husband is," she would say; "but bigotry has spoiled him." If Mrs. Flitwood became restless, she would add: "I mean no disrespect—the best Christians have some errors." Thus did the syren strive to draw her friend away from the Eden of her bliss, and thrust her into the wilderness of this world's communions.

Her insinuations took effect. Mrs. Flitwood did not know it—did not mean it. She would not for the world, have esteemed Mr. Flitwood one jot or tittle less. She loved to reverence him, and felt that her bliss was bound up in reverence. But it is difficult—perhaps impossible—to associate with those who disesteem our friends, and not sooner or later feel the influence of their opinions. Mrs. Flitwood became a speculator on her husband's character. She watched critically for those failings hinted at by Mrs. Standish. This was a misfortune. Critics *find* defects, or *fancy* them; and whether found or fancied they appear as real blemishes. There are no critics in heaven; and it is doubtful if there should be any among wives and husbands, who, next to angels, are bound by relations the most intimate and sacred. If I am ever so unfortunate as to get a bad wife, I will be blind to all her failings, and no one shall expose them to me with impunity.

With all her art and influence, Mrs. Standish might have failed, but for an event which seemed of evil origin, and brought about to aid her. There came from abroad a stranger—stranger in person, but not in name, or worth, or sympathies—whose visits in different places were hailed with warranted enthusiasm. Wherever he sojourned, the people gathered round, and paid public homage to his virtues and achievements. He visited the town of —, and for a day or two, became the guest of Mrs. Flitwood's father. All the citizens must see him. Of course an evening was set apart for their introduction. Mr. and Mrs. Flitwood were there; and as a branch of the family and leading citizens, were prominent in those ceremonies which were intended to do honor to their guest. Here Mrs. Flitwood was at home. The circumstances roused her ambition. Her brilliant intellect and fascinating manners were employed with great success to charm the crowd of visitors, and most of all, to entertain the interesting stranger. He was more than pleased; and

with becoming gallantry, paid her the tribute of modest, well deserved compliment. In itself, this was innocent; but in its consequences, hurtful. Mrs. Flitwood was beguiled. Her taste for pleasure, quickened by brief indulgence, became as strong as ever. As this appetite revived, she grew cold towards her husband.

Mrs. Standish saw it, and with a mother's fondest vigilance, set herself to nourish the swelling bud of promise. She now felt herself licensed, and did not fail to use her liberty. She openly reproached Mr. Flitwood, charged him with conjugal unkindness, and pointed to many pious gentlemen who mixed with the gay world, and gave their families full indulgence. This strengthened Mrs. Flitwood's erroneous impressions, and led her to view his conduct with strong dissatisfaction. One other suggestion finished the evil work. It was urged, with too much plausibility, that his rigor did not flow from principle, but from cruelty. "This is proved," said Mrs. Standish, "by his recent conduct. When the temptation became violent, he himself could go to one of the gayest parties I ever witnessed, and become master of ceremonies!"

"Sure enough," said Mrs. Flitwood, "he has led me into the world, and I will *profit by his example*." 'Twas settled, and from that fatal moment, her only care was how and when to make her *debut*.

She reasoned well. If gayety is sinful, nothing should tempt us to it. Mr. Flitwood thought it sinful; yet an occasion of extreme interest overcame his fortitude, and sin and Satan triumphed. He was wrong. He should have practiced total abstinence, or granted his wife moderate freedom. By one act of indulgence he stripped himself of all authority. He still had power, but not the moral right to use it. Like Saul pursuing David, he grasped the scepter, but it trembled in his hand. His kingdom had departed. From his error we learn two things: First, that the wisest men may commit egregious blunders; second, that the best often contribute to their own misfortunes. H.

(To be concluded.)

WOMAN'S MIND.

THE following production is from the pen of a *child*—a Miss of 13—in Mr. Chase's Female Seminary, Middletown, Connecticut. The theme is,

"MISFORTUNE THE NURSE OF GENIUS."

'Since first the bard of Greece was cradled in her arms, Genius has been the nursling of adversity.' In its early growth too delicate to bear the summer heat, she bends over and shelters it from the dazzling beam, and though her breath may be chill on its young brow, it hardens the muscle and strengthens the nerve.

As he who stands in the deep cave sees stars at noon-day, so the child of genius looks up from the depths of affliction and reads stars in the silent heaven of thought, undazzled by the glare of this world's sunlight.

Were not mind gifted with this power to rise superior, and even to derive nourishment from misfortune, creative as it is, it must have lost its proudest trophies.

Here and there along the track of time, great intellects have risen and stretched out their hands across the wrecks of kingdoms and empires, transmitting to one another the torch of science and art, lit at the common sacrificial altar of earthly hopes and affections. What have not the gifted endured? Imprisonment, and torture, and exile, and scorn, and the withering coldness of the loved. The gems of thought we wear so carelessly on our lips are procured and wrested for us like orient pearls, by plunging beneath the wave and searching far in the depths of the soul. The world heeds not the struggle.

In long gone ages a blind bard wandered over the hills of Greece, and begging, sung to the passers-by the melodious strains which yet echo clearly through the long aisles of the past. Dante sung in exile; Tasso in the gloomy walls of a mad-house; Cervantes pined in Algerine slavery; the eyes of Milton were upturned, but sightless—and it was during one of the most agitated periods in English history, where he as a patriot was called upon to act his part in the strife, that he 'plumed his spirit by abstinence and prayer to sing the praise of his Redeemer;' Socrates was condemned to die by the same people whom he had taught and loved; Gallileo languished in the dungeons of the Inquisition as a recompense for those discoveries which have rendered his name immortal.

But where shall we pause in enumerating those whose first rest has been in their graves? The history of genius is but the history of suffering; a record of sleepless nights, and weary days, and aching hearts. The same exquisite perception of all that can afford pleasure, which is their allotted portion, renders them the more keenly alive to all that can give pain; yet, as beautifully said by another, 'It would seem as if all their sufferings had but sanctified them; as if the death angel in passing, had touched them with the hem of his garment, and made them holy; as if the hand of disease had been stretched out over them only to make the sign of the cross upon their souls; and as in the sun's eclipse we can behold the great stars shining in the heavens, so in this life-eclipse have these men beheld the lights of the great eternity, burning solemnly and for ever.'"

CLASSIC.

FENELON, a very eminent French divine, and one of the most able of French writers and virtuous of men, was born in 1651, at the Castle of Fenelon, in Perigord; studied at Cahors and Paris; and entered into holy orders at the age of twenty-four. The archbishop of Paris appointed him superior of the newly converted female Catholics, and his success in this office, and the merit of his treatises on Female Education and on the Ministry of Pastors, induced Louis XIV. to send him on a mission to Poitou to convert the Protestants. He died in 1715; leaving behind him an imperishable reputation, as an eloquent writer, a conscientious prelate, and an amiable, enlightened, and virtuous man.

LORD BYRON.

BY J. E. SNODGRASS, M. D.

It is a pity logicians, in their classifications, had not, along with their "argumentum ad absurdum"—"ad ignorantium"—and the like—given us an argumentum ad nauseam. Had they thus favored us, one would know where to class various arguments penned upon Byron.

Among the many opinions promulged upon the everlasting theme of his lordship's life and character, (if character he really had,) that is the most extraordinary which declares that "Milton has been styled the prince of poets; but, so far as true poetry is concerned, and semblances of nature, imagery, of fancy and imagination may be thrown into the scale, THE PRINCE OF POETS WILL BE CAST INTO THE SHADE BY THE SUPERIOR GENIUS AND TRANSCENDENT TALENTS OF LORD G. N. BYRON!"

Reader, I have supplied the exclamation points—supposing the author of the sentiment surely had forgotten to use them in thus giving vent to his emotions, when contemplating the character of his great favorite. Could any one have selected more expressive words for a burlesque panegyric? Surely not. For my own part, I have become sick of the eulogiums upon Byron, I am constantly meeting with. They are as nauseating as ipecacuanha. Seriously—for the matter is assuming an important aspect—is it not time the rank of this poet were settled? Or shall we permit his youthful admirers to render the very memory of his name disgusting to moral men—and thereby to unduly disparage his literary merits? Now, I am ready to admit, that he possessed talents of a high order. (How well he used them, were a very different question.) But I have no notion of being humbugged into the belief that all the poetic talents granted to humanity were crammed into his cranium—large as the phrenologists have been so fortunate as to discover it to have been. If some of his more candid biographers and personal acquaintances have not belied him, the secret of the "fire of his genius" will have to be referred, not to the inspiration of the *Nine*, but of *gin and water*. Likely, it would have been fully as appropriate for his publishers to have placed, instead of the Roman characters, G. T. between the stanzas of *Don Juan*—which might have been either interpreted, "gin-toddy," or "gone to toddy." While penning parts of that poem, he is stated to have taken a glass of gin and water at the turn of almost every leaf of his MSS.—of which conduct one of his devoted attendants is reported to have spoken as "a very queer habit." Queer enough, indeed, for the poet whose fame is destined to eclipse even that of the "divine poet;" who, as he informs us, attempted no "middle flight," but sang of God and the angelic hosts!

It is time—high time—that the true character of this poetic rake and outcast were exhibited; and, if compatible with the design of these brief pieces, I should

take pains to hold up the mirror of his own thoughts before the character of Byron. I have room for one passage only, which must serve as a specimen of what he has uttered, to the confirmation of the Scriptural declaration, that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. The reader will find the passage to which I refer, in one of his Lordship's letters, penned upon the occasion of the death of Sir Samuel Romilly, "one of the best and ablest men England has ever had to boast." The only cause of offense was, having been professionally engaged by Lady Byron's friends, and having done his duty towards her as a client. Here is the language of exultation—language more becoming a fiend than the worst of men:

"I have, at last, seen *** shivered, who was one of my assassins. When that man was doing his worst to uproot my whole family, tree, branch and blossom—when, after taking my retainer, he went over to them—when he was bringing desolation upon my hearth and destruction to my household gods—did he think that in less than three years, a natural event—a severe domestic, but an expected and common calamity—would lay HIS CARCASS IN A CROSS-ROAD, or stamp his name in a verdict of lunacy! * * * * * But he is in his grave and * * * * *!"

The reader may readily imagine the words for which the six asterisks are substituted by the biographer, to mean something horrific—most likely, "in hell!" It is wonderful that any man, not destitute of the common attributes of humanity, could steady his pen sufficiently to inscribe such sentiments! He surely could not have been sober at the moment. Yet it was to this high-daring (perhaps I ought to call it *low-daring*) that his reputation as a poet is mainly attributable. He dared to pen what other poets could not venture. He indulged in fits of passion, and emotions ever-varying—hellishly profane, or hypocritically pious—thoughts which, if they ever found a home in the brains of other poets of the age, they were not sufficiently lost to propriety and virtue to utter them. Even the holy shrine of Christianity did not prove too sacred for the trampling feet of his literary charger. Indeed, he himself avows his willingness to sacrifice the glorious doctrines of our holy religion upon the altar of that very same ambition which he declares, in his Napoleon ode, to be "less than littleness." He declared it to be his opinion, that "no poet should be tied down by a direct profession of faith." Why? Let his own words answer, reader:—"Metaphysics open a wide field—nature and anti-Mosaic speculations on the origin of the world, a wide range—and sources of poetry are shut out by Christianity."†

Is this the creature who is to eclipse Milton? He found the best sources of poetry opened by Christianity—not "shut out."

As to the poetical abilities of Lord Byron, I boldly affirm, that they have been overrated—vastly overrated. His poetry is not natural—but forced. It could not

* Moore's Byron, vol. ii. † Medwin's Journal, p. 197.

have been otherwise, with one of his daily habits. The Latin poet's notion, that a poet is "born, not made," (*poeta nascitur non fit*), is, by no means, verified in his case; for he *was* made a poet by the force of education, in its broadest sense—by the circumstances of his life—in which the stimulus of *drunkenness* had no small agency. He told little more than the naked truth when he said to the author last quoted, that "gin and water was the source of *all his inspiration!*"

Byron's longest poems are mere *patch-work*—histories of his own despicable career, and of the just censures and desertions of his earlier friends. There is no unbroken concatenation of thought, as in Milton. The stanzas of *Childe Harold*, appear to have been (to use a homely and probably unused figure) woven together like the "filling" of a rag-carpet. Here we find pieces of new—there of old and worn out garments. Now a strip of filthy silk or worsted—then something so rich and brilliant in texture and coloring, that we think it a pity it should be found in such mean fellowship and use.—*Southern Literary Messenger*.

Original.

PORTIA'S DREAM.

BY LUCY SEYMOUR.

"Have thou nothing to do with that just man; for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him."—THE BIBLE.

I HAD a dream—'twas strangely wrought—
A tissue of disjointed thought—
Nor is it only in my brain,
The pictured characters remain;
I never had a dream, I know,
Which press'd upon my conscience so,
And dwelt within my heart of hearts:—
'Tis said that Heav'n sometimes imparts
In visions dark his will to man;—
If this be so, I fain would scan
The mystic meaning, for though dim,
And strange, and wild, 'twas all of Him
The Jews condemn—that man *is* just;
Go tell my lord he must not trust
To what the Jewish conclave tell,
Their words are false, I know full well.

O! while I speak, my blood grows chill—
That fearful vision haunts me still,
And rises to my waking view,
As something palpable and true.

I seem to see a dusty crowd,
And one is there by suffering bow'd;
Curses and shouts are mingling round,
And many a sad, terrific sound;
And then I see a skull-throng'd place,
And on a rising hillock trace
A blackened cross—red lightning's fly,
And thunders rend the bending sky—
Amidst the raging of that storm,

1

Extended on the cross, a form
Of matchless majesty appears;
A mission'd band from other spheres,
Supported on a cloud of gold,
The dark catastrophe behold;
And circling round the blood-stain'd steep,
In mute surprise they gaze and weep.

A thousand shifting scenes flit by,
And leave no picture on mine eye;
And then, I stand on Olivet
And watch the sun in radiance set,
When lo! the lustrous clouds which throw,
O'er his descending track their glow,
Gather new light, and concentrate
Their richest hues—a pearl-wrought gate,
Their beams reveal—an angel file
(Rich music floating round the while)
Come from the parted skies—I turn
Their errand to our world to learn,
When Him I see, who late with awe
And shuddering, on the cross I saw,
A pitying smile his features wear,
And still his hands the tokens bear
Of bloody death—and from his side,
And wounded feet, a crimson tide
Is slowly ebbing. As I gaze,
Lost in regret and wild amaze,
A shout of triumph welcomes Him,
And all I've known of light grows dim
In the effulgent glory there;
Borne on the air a whispering breath
Salutes me thus: "O'er hell and death
The Lamb is victor—see him come
A conqueror to his heavenly home;
Sin is despoiled, salvation won,
Gentiles and Jews, adore the Son."
Such was my dream, O herald haste,
And tell my lord—the moments waste.

The warning words were giv'n in time—
But did they save her lord from crime?
When he the water took, and said,
"I'm innocent—the blood ye shed
Shall not upon my hands remain;
It is your act;" then did no stain
Rest on his conscience, fraught with pow'r
To wrap in gloom his dying hour,
And wake remorse? We may not learn—
The sacred leaves no voice return.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

FAIR star of heaven! when day declines
Far, far below the western wave,
Thy dewy eye then brighter shines,
And breaks the misty shades of eve.
So, when the Christian's race is o'er,
That star of hope which did illumine
His weary path, then shines the more,
And points to realms beyond the tomb!

Original.

QUEEN OF MAY.*

BY MRS. E. F. WILSON.

MR. HAMLINE,—You professedly “gather,” in your valuable “Repository,” offerings for every era in woman’s existence, from the sweet morn of sunny youth, to the twilight hour of sober age. While your gatherers would endeavor to allure the youthful female from amusements unworthy her immortal destiny, should they not seek to substitute those innocent enjoyments which are in unison with the hilarity of first-awakened feeling, and which throw a halo of remembered loveliness over the cares which will cluster around after life?

One of those bright, sunny spots which shine through the “vista of years,” even as distant stars sparkle through the gloom of night—the gala-day that glows on the page of memory with the most vivid coloring, and that brings to my heart the purest and most endearing associations, is that which we were accustomed to call the “Feast of the Coronation.” Your readers will doubtless recognize my allusion; for, although the habit of celebrating *May-day* is not general in our western valley, yet there are few *mothers* who cannot recall the many thrilling incidents which were wont to throng around its annual return, in their own youthful days. The bright group of joyous beings in the sweet prime of girlhood—the flushed cheek, and kindling eye of *her*, who was chosen Queen of the festal hour—not for superior beauty, or pre-eminent talent, but for surpassing *worth*—the fragrant chaplet of spring’s earliest flowers, with the dew of heaven still glistening on their petals, carelessly hanging on the arm of the blushing girl who led the white-robed train that was approaching to twine the insignia of royalty around a brow, pure as its opening blossoms: these, are all images that memory has traced with her own imperishable coloring on the tablet of my heart; and which many of your readers will recognize as relics of earlier days.

The buoyancy of youthful feeling *requires* amusements consonant to its own joyous hue—and the moral constitution of our being *demand*s that those amusements should be of a *social* character. If, then, we *can* substitute innocent enjoyments for the fascinating, yet dangerous excitement of the ball-room, we shall have placed one “gathering” among our western treasures on which the eye of age may delightedly linger; we shall have added one *bud* to the wreath of female *pu-*

*These lines will doubtless please the juvenile reader. Should they go abroad in season, they may possibly be adopted by some of our young friends, to help out their “May-day” ceremonies. For there are, we suppose, annual coronations, at least in this “Queen” of western cities. Should the addresses come to so great honor, may they be used innocently, and not to cherish sinful passions. While our juvenile friends keep a pastime, let them blend instruction with amusement. Our Savior made a wedding ceremony subserve the interests of his mission. Neither garlands of flowers, nor crowns of gold, should tempt us to forget the crowns immortal which we may attain in heaven. The above note leads us to suppose that even the *aged*, from association, will glance at these lines with interest.—Eds.

*rit*y, which the wisest and best of our age are endeavoring to twine for the brow of *woman*!

I have thought it probable that an address from the Maid of Honor selected to preside at a rural coronation, with a rejoinder from the Queen, might not be unacceptable to your youthful readers, or an inappropriate “gathering” for your May number.

ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN OF MAY AT HER CORONATION.

Queen of this brightly smiling hour,
Hail to thy sylvan throne!
We’ve cull’d from many a blushing flow’r,
This dew-gemm’d wreath—thy crown!
The glowing tones of fond regard
Unite this festive day,
As thy superior worth’s reward,
To hail thee—*Queen of May*!

On thy young, blushing brow, we’ve laid
The roseate braid of spring;
But, sylvan Queen, full soon will fade
Its richest coloring:
Thus brightly glows thy life’s young morn,
E’en as thy crown to-day,
Which we have robb’d of ev’ry thorn,
To deck our Queen of May!

But when its rosy tints have pass’d,
And faded on thy brow,
Its innate fragrance still will last,
And shed its sweets, as now!
Thus, when the with’ring hand of Time
Shall blight thy youth’s sweet day;
May innate virtues brightly shine
In our lov’d Queen of May!

HER MAJESTY’S REPLY.

Could deep-impassion’d feeling speak,
Friends of my earliest years,
The language of this blushing cheek—
These sweetly-thrilling tears;
I could my bosom’s thanks express,
And not in vain essay
To tell, how deeply you have bless’d
Your happy Queen of May!

Thanks for this blushing crown I wear,
Type of my royalty—
Purer than scepter’d queens e’er bear,
And ah! more dear to me;
For had your humble friend her choice
On this, her regal day—
She’d spurn ambition’s dang’rous voice,
To be *your* Queen of May!

Then O! may heaven profusely pour
On my companions dear,
The choicest gifts of its blest store
Thro’ ev’ry coming year;
And when the wintry eve of age
Succeeds to youth’s bright day—
E’en then, I’ll turn to mem’ry’s page—
Again, be Queen of May!

Original.

THE HEBREW MINSTREL.

BY E. H. HATCHER.

"Awake up, my glory: awake psaltery and harp: I myself will awake early," Psalm lviil, 8.

O, WAKEN, harp, waken! The night winds are still,
Their pinions are furled on the mountain and hill;
The "stars in their courses" are fading away,
And nature is glad at the coming of day.

The lily and rose are embalming the air,
And, glist'ning in dew-drops, are bowed as in prayer,
And sending abroad their delicious perfumes,
An off'ring to Him who created their blooms.

The daybreak has tintured the vapors, unrolled
By the sides of the mountains, with purple and gold,
And sprinkled with amber and roseate dyes
The beautiful arch of the orient skies.

The wing of the duteous bird is unfurled
And fluttered in praise to the Lord of the world;
And, fresh from their slumbers, the willow and reed
Have shaken sweet tones from their leaves in the mead.

Then waken, harp, waken—let symphonies roll,
Like the gushings of song from the raptured soul,
To Him whose sweet presence all nature inspires
To breathe the soft music of numberless lyres.

To Him who hath scattered the darkness of night
From the world, and endowed it with vestments of light,
Let strains, like the notes that enrapture the skies,
When struck from the harp of an angel, arise!

But vain in his ears may be echoed the lays,
If the *heart* be not tuned to the song of his praise;
Then touch, holy One! the deep chords of the soul,
And tune them aright by thy Spirit's control!

And then shall my spirit be wafted away,
As breathes every string with the soul-stirring lay,
And dream that it hears the sweet tones of a lyre
Whose song is of heaven, whose chords are of fire!
Franklin, Tenn., March 26, 1841.

DEATH.

'Tis sweet and sad to think of those,
Who in the darksome tomb repose;
Till the archangel's thrilling voice,
Calls them to mourn or to rejoice;
Companions of my earliest hours!
When our path seem'd strew'd with flow'rs—
When the stream of life could charm,
Nor dreamt we of the least alarm—
But they are gone, and I am left,
Yet not of comfort quite bereft;
For I amongst these scenes still love to linger,
And in each varied view, with awe behold God's finger.

Original.

TO A BROTHER AND SISTER,

WHO DIED WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF EACH OTHER—
AGED THREE AND FIVE YEARS.

SLEEP! little brother, sleep!
In the cold and silent grave;
Calmly and sweetly rest,
Thy little spirit blest,
Through Him who died to save.

Sleep, little sister, sleep!
Thine infant prattling's o'er,
That voice to us so dear,
We ne'er again shall hear,
Thy loved form see—no more!

Sleep! dearest children, sleep!
Rest ye both, side by side;
"Lovely and pleasant" here,
In life each other near,
Even death could not divide!

Sleep! loved and lost ones, sleep!
Beneath the quiet sod;
With faith and hope and prayer,
Yet with full many a tear,
We give ye up to God!

Sleep on, dear children, sleep!
Your pain and suffering o'er;
Soon may we meet above,
In yonder world of love
Where parting is no more!

SABBATH EVE.

BY H. JUSTINS.

DELIGHTFUL hour of sacred rest,
Of nature's soft repose;
Sweet is thy silence to the breast
Where meditation grows.

Departing day's expiring beam
In mellow'd radiance dies;
And smoothly glides the tranquil stream,
With image of the skies.

The woodland tribes in softened songs,
Their Maker's love proclaim;
And man the glowing theme prolongs,
Warm'd by devotion's flame.

Till in a universal hymn,
Ascending to the skies,
Creation pours her praise to Him
Who bids the Sabbath rise.

With such endearing pleasures fraught,
Its rapid flight we grieve;
On this shall dwell enraptur'd thought,
The Christian Sabbath Eve!

NOTICES.

PHILOSOPHICAL MISCELLANIES, translated from the French of Cousin, Jouffroy, and Constant. With introductory and critical notices. By George Ripley. In two volumes. Boston: Hillard, Gray & Co. 1838.—Although this translation has been several years before the American public, probably not one in ten of our readers has yet seen it. Many, doubtless, will deem it out of place and "in bad taste" to speak of it in a ladies' periodical. On this point we have but one rule to be governed by. In attention to general literature, we believe men and women are, or should be equal—should pass through the same scientific training—should frequent the same regions, read the same books, and gather from them equal measures of instruction and gratification. We would as soon affirm that males and females must not gaze at the same scenery, and use the same viands, as to say that their minds must seek refection from different fields of truth, or that modest woman must take her walks along the borders of those fields, while man ranges through them in all their length, breadth and beauty. With these sentiments, we urge our most intelligent female readers to omit the purchase of the next popular novel, and instead of it obtain the *Philosophical Miscellanies*.

To educated men, the preface recommends a more extensive acquaintance with the intellectual labors of continental Europe. We offer the same advice to intellectual women. There are good reasons suggested by the editor, in the words of another writer, which apply with equal force to both sexes.

"We ought to know the different modes of viewing and discussing great subjects in different nations. We should be able to compare the writings of the highest minds in a great variety of circumstances. Nothing can favor more our own intellectual independence and activity. Let English literature be ever so fruitful and profound, we shall still impoverish ourselves by making it our sole nutriment. If our scholars would improve our literature, they should cultivate an intimacy not only with that of England, but of continental Europe."

He adds in his own language: "It is important, for the same reasons, that a knowledge of the best productions of foreign genius and study, should not be confined to the few who have access to the original languages, but should be diffused among enlightened readers of every class and condition. The same circumstances which diminish the number of scholars, and increase that of thinkers in this country, present an urgent motive for the reproduction of the noblest creations of thought, in a form that shall be accessible to all."

The "*Miscellanies*" is not unsuitable in theme or in manner for female readers. It glances at philosophy historically, psychologically, and ethically—brings to view the variances and harmonies of writers, schools, and ages; and although it requires thought and patience to read it with pleasure and with profit, no doubt many of our readers are prepared to bestow upon it all the requisite study and attention. Its introductory biographical hints are exceedingly attractive. The principal topics of this work are the Destiny of Modern Philosophy—Exposition of Eclecticism—The Moral Law and Liberty—Of Cause and of the Infinite—Religion, Mysticism, and Stoicism—and Classification of Philosophical Questions and Schools, by Cousin, with ample notes. On Philosophy and Common Sense—On Scepticism—On the History of Philosophy—On the Faculties of the Human Soul—On the Method of Philosophical Study—On Good and Evil—On the Philosophy of History—On the Influence of Greece in the Development of Humanity—and on the Present State of Humanity, by Jouffroy, with notes. On the Progressive Development of Religious Ideas—On the Human Causes which have Contributed to the Establishment of Christianity—and on the Perfectability of the Human Race, by Constant, with notes.

We do not, of course, recommend the theological opinions of these men to the approval of our readers. They are often far enough from the "True Light." But it is interesting to trace the errors of the great, and learn how inadequate are the most vigorous intellects to search out and gather up those truths, which, beyond the reach of human reason, can be obtained only by donation from God, and can be received only by faith in his

word. The chapter on the "Human Causes which have Contributed to the Establishment of Christianity," is a most interesting development of intellectual strength and weakness combined. Let this and others be read cautiously, as the careful druggist selects his poisons, not to be swallowed and remain in the system as a seed of disease, but to pass off hastily, cleansing the system in its progress.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF MIND, a poem delivered before the Philomathean Society of Pennsylvania College, February 16, 1841. By John N. M'Jilton. Baltimore: Joseph N. Lewis. 1841.—This is, we presume, the production of a youthful mind, and as such we would, if necessary, notice it with indulgence. But at all events it evinces genius of high promise. The theme was difficult. It courts the fellowship of the Muses in walks which they do not love. To this chiefly may be traced its defects. But its blemishes are not fatal. Its author should bend his mind to poetry, and this is a commendation due to few writers. We would be pleased if some of his strains, mingling with others in the "Gatherings of the West," could be breathed over this great valley. Although it is but an echo, we will present our readers with the following passages. The first describes the reign of Constantine.

"The centuries rolled: upon the rending throne
Where Superstition in her triumph reigned,
And with her thunders shook the conquered world,
In mildness, yet in majesty, there sat
An emperor of peace; the gory blade
Still reeking in the blood his fathers shed,
He thrust within its sheath and laid aside,
And taught the nations over which he ruled,
To turn their thoughts from dark inglorious deeds,
To wisdom's long neglected path of light.
The pagan worship, with its horrid rites,
Which had around the sinking empire hung
The drapery of death, with voice of power
He utterly denounced, and in its stead
Restored, in all its simpleness of truth,
The holy service of the Lord of all.
Knowledge took wings, and speedily she bore
Her glowing light to far benighted realms.
Before its luster fled the shades of gloom
That gathered when the kings that knew not God
Assumed the right o'er all the world to rule."

Below is another passage picturing a different scene. It refers to the influence of popery on the minds and morals of mankind. Its description of the rise of this anti-christian power is omitted. Its baneful energies are noticed thus:

"A thousand years the tearful torrent swept,
And the proud intellect and noble powers,
In brighter years, when righteousness prevailed,
That were expanding to their native strength,
And raising man to the exalted sphere
Where his Creator meant that he should move,
Were prostrate hurled by its resistless force,
And crushed beneath the devastating flow.
Then spread the night of gloom all round the globe,
And scenes of horror mid the darkness played,
That showed how deep in infamy and crime
Might sink the human soul, though made to shine
Amid the luster of eternal day.
I looked abroad upon the fertile earth,
And saw its flowery vales and verdant hills,
Their varied forms outspreading to the sun,
As though from grotto wild and blooming grove,
And cultivated field, nature had sent
Her notes of sweet thanksgiving to her God;
And I beheld upon the grassy plains
The grazing herds, in seeming gratitude,
Partaking of the bounties of His hand;
And heard the flocks in sport among the boughs
Warble their praises in delightful strains,
While man, the noblest creature he had formed,
Was reveling in sin—his guilty hands
Deep stained with human blood in malice shed."

ADDRESS, delivered before the Patrons and Friends of the Springfield High School, at its opening, January, 1841. By Chandler Robbins, Principal. Springfield. 1841.—A well written address on the subject of education. It notices the aspects of the present age in relation to this subject, and glances at the state of education in earlier ages, in proof of the march of mind—speaks of the errors of modern systems, and of the advantages of solid acquisitions. Many passages are eloquent. Read the following:

"To the scholar is opened a store of enjoyment at once full and inexhaustible. Said a distinguished professor, in a neighboring state, to me, not long since, 'I would rather break stones on a turnpike, or dig in our canals, with the power of accurate thought, such as an education bestows, than with a mind untrained to think, to share the honors of the world.' It forms no intermitting spring of doubtful pleasures; it is an ever flowing fountain. To the careful student, whose mind is disciplined to think, no object of nature, no event of life is destitute of interest. Wielded by such an one, the power of thought becomes potent as the rod in the hand of Moses; with it he strikes the barren rock in the wilderness, and forthwith issues a chrystal stream, fertilizing the desert of life, and calling forth beauty and gladness from barrenness and desolation. All events, all places, all times, are full of meaning, full of interest, full of joy. He has learned the language in which nature holds converse with God. His enraptured ear drinks in the harmony of the universal hymn of praise. 'The music of the spheres' is no longer an idle dream of philosophers; for he has acquired a new sense by which he hears and appreciates it. The ocean's roar, the streamlet's ripple, the dashing torrent, and the babbling brook, 'the deep mouthed thunder,' the sighing breeze, the whirlwind and the zephyr; all utter a voice and speak a language intelligible to him. Nor is he ever alone. At home or abroad, in every land, in every season, in the crowded mart or solitary waste, amidst the tempest of human passions, or in the repose of peace, in the darkness of midnight or the glare of day, there is no solitude to him. All things teem with life. The objects of creation, that to others are but inert matter, form an animated society in which he delights to dwell. With earth and sea and air, and the hosts of heaven, the greater and the lesser lights, he claims a brotherhood."

We rejoice to find that the Springfield High School is at last in the full tide of prosperity, as we deem it must be, under the direction of a mind like Mr. Robbins'.

THE RE-PUBLICATION in America of the London, Edinburgh, Foreign and Westminster Reviews, is an enterprise of great importance to the American public. In the March number is a Review of Tytler's History of Scotland, vol. vii, which discusses at length the character of the unfortunate Queen Mary. Various facts are arrayed to implicate the Queen on the one hand, and to vindicate her on the other, in regard to the death of Lord Darnley. The reviewer adopts the theory of her innocence. He gives the following principal reasons for this opinion. First, the integrity of Mary's early life, especially during her residence in France. Second, her conduct during her captivity. Third, the opinion of Darnley's mother, the Countess of Lennox. Fourth, Mary's complaints to Archbishop Beaton against Darnley. Fifth, he insists that several of the arguments employed against Mary by her adversaries recoil upon themselves. Sixth, because Darnley's murderers evidently intended to make the impression that his death was violent, and thus proclaim to the world that he was murdered. Whereas, if Mary desired and sought his death, every possible reason existed to have him murdered without suspicion, which was perfectly within her power. Seventh, the dying confession of Bothwell, who expired in great agony and remorse, confessing the murder of Darnley, but declaring that the Queen was innocent in every respect.

"Some men," says the reviewer, "might be suspected, while revealing their own guilt, of seeking to shelter the guilt of their accomplices; but no such chivalrous motive can be believed of the selfish and reckless Bothwell, and we can only ascribe to him that penitence which, in the hour of death, can pierce even the most hardened hearts."

EDITORS' TABLE.

A WOMAN OF WEALTH.—If we believed in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, we should be tempted to think that the spirit of Cæsar dwelt in the late Countess of Branitska. She died recently, it seems, on her estate of Biala Cerkiew, in the eightieth year of her age. The empress Catharine treated her with great respect, and she was regarded with esteem by Alexander. Her fortune was immense. A million sterling in specie was found in her chateau. She had sixty millions of roubles in the Bank of Russia, and one hundred and thirty thousand slaves on her estates. She was a speculator, a banker, a farmer, a merchant, &c., &c. It is stated that she lent money on mortgages, and made nearly all the land-holders of the empire her debtors. She discounted bills, traded in the precious metals, sold the immense produce of her estates, and executed all those supervisory offices which belong to gentlemen engaged in various and almost illimitable businesses for pecuniary gain. The following statement concerning her seems almost incredible:

"It is said that having visited France several years since, and finding human hair so valuable in that country, she, on her return to Russia, caused the heads of all her female slaves to be shaved, and shipped a cargo of *chevenures* to France, where they fetched a handsome return."

She has delivered up her trusts, and gone to her reward. Rich and honored as she was among men, how unenviable was her state without a good conscience! Who would not prefer the fortunes of Mrs. Graham or the Dairyman's Daughter, to the wealth, luxuries, cares, and probable end of this poor Countess of Branitska?

The following notice will interest our readers:

MEETING OF MISSIONARIES.—An interesting meeting of the Board of Foreign Missionaries was held recently in the Broadway Tabernacle, N. Y. There were three of the foreign missionaries present—the Rev. Mr. Meigs from Ceylon—the Rev. Mr. Bingham from the Sandwich Islands—and Dr. Grant from the Nestorians. Interesting addresses were made by each of these devoted ministers of the cross in reference to the peculiar state of things at their different stations. Mr. Bingham exhibited a Bible in the Sandwich Island language, manufactured by the natives themselves. He read from this volume parts of the fifth chapter of Matthew. The native language struck every one as being sweet, musical and expressive. It abounds in those vowel sounds which give great harmony to the language. Mr. B. also exhibited a book of engraving and a quarto periodical, both the work of the natives, and bearing marks of superior intelligence and workmanship.

Dr. Grant exhibited a manuscript Bible written upon parchment. It was written more than seven hundred years since by the Nestorians in the Syriac language, and the work is executed in great perfection. Dr. Grant made an eloquent address to a numerous and intelligent audience, in which he expressed his well satisfied convictions that the Nestorians are the remnant of the ten lost tribes of Israel, and that they had the Gospel preached to them by Thomas, Bartholomew, James, and others. Dr. Grant made a farewell address to his friends, touching and eloquent. He returns to the Nestorians, and intends to devote the remainder of his life to their welfare.

LITHOGRAPHY.—It is said that Mr. Hullmandel has done much to improve lithography—a new mode of producing pictorial effects on the lithographic stone, by tints washed with a brush, like sepia drawing, which yield impressions so perfectly resembling original sketches, that the difference is not discernible. The painters, it is said, will now have at their command a means of multiplying their own works, which their habitual practice renders available without altering their style of handling; for this mode of lithography, or rather painting on stone, is just as if the sketch were made on stone instead of on paper. Their tints are wonderfully varied and delicate.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A number of communications are on hand, some of which will appear in the next number. The "Address" is a respectable production. But it is so strictly *valedictory* that it would not interest our readers generally.